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A JOURNAL FOR READERS, PUBLISHERS, LIBRARIANS, ARTISTS, AND ART-MANUFACTURERS; AND BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

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SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.

HISTORY—	
Grote's History of Greece	143
Abbot's History of Mary Queen of Scots	144
BIOGRAPHY—	
Beattie's Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell	144
Lamartine's Memoirs of My Youth	145
PHILOSOPHY—	
Miss Martineau's Household Education	145
VOYAGES AND TRAVELS—	
Forbes's Six Months' Service in the African Blockade	148
Mackay's Western World	149
St. John's Adventures in the Libyan Desert, and the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon	151
NATURAL HISTORY—	
St. John's Tour in Sutherlandshire	153
Transactions of the Tyneside Naturalists Field Club	155
Essay on the Credibility of the Kraken, Sea Serpent, &c.	155
History of the Mammalia	155
FICTION—	
Landor's Lofoden; or the Exiles of Norway	156
Melville's Mardi: and a Voyage Thither	156
De La Motte's Sir Eliot	158
Previsions of Lady Evelyn	158
POETRY—	
Reade's Revelations of Life	158
Smith's Moscha Lamberti	158
EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS—	
Reid's First Book of Geography	158
RELIGION—	
Neale's Closing Scene	159
Wilkinson's Selections from the Archbishop of Canterbury's Practical Expositions of	
MISCELLANEOUS—	
Hope's Letter on Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister	159
ART:—Kloboe's Inundation	160
MUSIC	160
THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS	160
ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS	160
NECROLOGY—	
Robert Cadell	161
James Cowles Pritchard	161
BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS	162
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE—	
Gossip of the Literary World	162
WIT AND WISDOM	162

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The History of Greece. By GEORGE GROTE. Vols. 5 and 6. London: Murray. 1849. ENGLAND has cause to be proud of her modern school of history. The number of great works of this class which have been produced during the last ten years surpasses that of any other period of our literature, and stamps the present era with a character which will be recognized by posterity beholding the group, although to us, who view them in detail as they come forth one by one, they appear but as stragglers, distant and scattered. Already the list is a noble one. HALLAM'S "Middle Ages," LINGARD'S "England," the "Pictorial History of England," ARNOLD'S "Rome," THIRLWALL'S "Greece," NAPIER'S "Peninsular War," NAPIER'S "Florence," MACAULAY'S "England," are a catalogue such as no country at any age could exhibit as the productions of a like space of time, and stamp our age as, emphatically, the golden age of history.

Last, but not least in this glorious array, is MR. GROTE, whose History of Greece we have already noticed twice or thrice as a masterly work, which at once takes its place among the standard books of our language. The last volume which we received brought down the history to the glorious epoch of the battle of Marathon. The two volumes now before us

take up the story at that point, and continue it through a period of sixty years to the peace of Nicias in 421, B. C., including the great events of the repulse of the Persian invasion, perseveringly pursued and gloriously defeated; the battles of Salamis, Thermopylae, Platea, and Mycale; the intestinal discords that followed the return of peace, and which were forgotten in the common object of repelling the foreign foe; the rise and progress of the rivalry between Sparta and Athens, each intriguing for the lead of the confederacy; the culmination and gradual decline of the commerce, and consequently of the wealth and power of Athens, and then the terrible conflict between the hostile states, in which their blood and treasure were lavished in attempts at mutual destruction, leaving them exhausted, physically and morally, to be the easy prey of the vultures even hovering upon their borders and eager to prey upon their spoils.

All this Mr. GROTE has related in his manly and nervous manner, writing from the fulness of his information, pouring out the treasures of his patient researches, directed by a sound judgment and great power of sifting truth from falsehood, and conveying his story in terms that paint vividly upon the mind's eye of the reader the scenes he desires to describe. It certainly wants the elegance of diction, the pointed and almost epigrammatic phraseology, the unequalled skill in the *art of writing*, which is so admirable in MACAULAY; but he is more laborious in his research, and more stately in his march, and the results are as perfect, although the manner in which they are produced is not quite so attractive.

MR. GROTE, like MR. MACAULAY, takes the utmost pains to describe, as he goes along, the condition of parties; their politics, the characters of their leaders, their plans, and the methods pursued for the attainment of them. His sketches of the men who pass across the stage in the progress of his drama are singularly graphic, and there is a calm impartiality in the awarding both of praise and censure, which only can be attained by a man of philosophic mind—a reasoner and a thinker—like MR. GROTE.

Of PERIKLES, the leader of the Athenian Democracy, a most elaborate portrait has been drawn. The contrast between him and KIMON, the leader of the aristocracy, is masterly.

It was to the democratical party—the party of movement against that of resistance, or of reformers against conservatives, if we are to employ modern phraseology—that Perikles devoted his great rank, character, and abilities. From the low arts, which it is common to ascribe to one who espouses the political interests of the poor against the rich, he was remarkably exempt: he was indefatigable in his attention to public business, but he went little into society, and disregarded almost to excess the airs of popularity: his eloquence was irresistibly impressive, yet he was by no means prodigal of it, taking care to reserve himself, like the Salaminian trireme, for solemn occasions, and preferring for the most part to employ the agency of friends and partisans; moreover he imbibed from his friend and teacher Anaxagoras a tinge of physical philosophy which greatly strengthened his mind and armed him against many of the reigning superstitions—but which at the same time tended to rob him of the sympathy of the vulgar, rich as well as poor. The arts of demagogacy were in fact much more cultivated by the oligarchical Kimon, whose open-hearted familiarity of manner was extolled, by his personal friend the poet Ion, in contrast with the reserved and stately demeanour of his rival Perikles. Kimon employed the rich plunder procured by his maritime expeditions, in public decorations as well as in largesses to the poorer citizens—throwing open his fields and fruits to all the inhabitants of his

demre, and causing himself to be attended in public by well dressed slaves, directed to tender their warm tunics in exchange for the threadbare garments of those who seemed in want; while the property of Perikles was administered with a strict, though benevolent economy, by his ancient steward Evangelus—the produce of his lands being all sold, and the consumption of his house supplied by purchase in the market. It was by such regularity that his perfect and manifest independence of all pecuniary seduction was sustained. In taste, in talent, and in character, Kimon was the very opposite of Perikles—a brave and efficient commander, a lavish distributor, a man of convivial and amorous habits, but incapable of sustained attention to business, untaught in music or letters, and ended with Laconian aversion to rhetoric and philosophy; while the ascendancy of Perikles was founded on his admirable combination of civil qualities—probity, firmness, diligence, judgment, eloquence, and power of guiding partisans. As a military commander, though noway deficient in personal courage, he rarely courted distinction, and was principally famous for his care of the lives of the citizens, disconcerting all rash or distant enterprises; his private habits were sober and reclusive—his chief conversation was with Anaxagoras, Protagoras, Zeno, the musician Damon, and other philosophers—while the tenderest domestic attachment bound him to the engaging and cultivated Aspasia.

PERIKLES was a great patron of the fine arts, but their obligations to him were never so minutely set forth as by MR. GROTE.

Considering these prodigious achievements in the field of art only as they bear upon Athenian and Grecian history, they are phenomena of extraordinary importance. When we read the profound impression which they produced upon Grecian spectators of a later age, we may judge how immense was the effect upon that generation which saw them both begun and finished. In the year 480 B.C., Athens had been ruined by the occupation of Xerxes: since that period, the Greeks had seen, first the rebuilding and fortifying of the city on an enlarged scale—next, the addition of Peiraeus with its docks and magazines—thirdly, the junction of the two by the long walls, thus including the most numerous concentrated population, wealth, arms, ships, &c., in Greece—lastly, the rapid creation of so many new miracles of art—the sculptures of Pheidias, as well as the paintings of the Thasian painter Polygnotus, in the temple of Theseus, and in the portico called Peekile. Plutarch observes, that the celerity with which the works were completed was the most remarkable circumstance connected with them, and so it probably might be in respect to the effect upon the contemporary Greeks. The gigantic strides by which Athens had reached her maritime empire were now immediately succeeded by a series of works which stamped her as the imperial city of Greece, gave to her an appearance of power even greater than the reality, and especially put to shame the old-fashioned simplicity of Sparta. The cost was doubtless prodigious, and could only have been borne at a time when there was a large treasure in the Acropolis, as well as a considerable tribute annually coming in: if we may trust a computation which seems to rest on plausible grounds, it cannot have been much less than 3,000 talents in the aggregate (about 690,000*l.*). The expenditure of so large a sum was of course, the source of great private gain to the contractors, tradesmen, merchants, artisans of various descriptions, &c., concerned in it; in one way or another, it distributed itself over a large portion of the whole city, and it appears that the materials employed for much of the work were designedly of the most costly description, as being most consistent with the reverence due to the gods; marble was rejected as too common for the statue of Athene, and ivory employed in its place: while the gold with which it was surrounded weighed not less than forty talents. A large expenditure for such purposes, considered as pious towards the gods, was, at the same time, imposing in reference to Grecian feeling, which regarded with admiration every variety of public show and magnificence, and repaid by grateful deference, the rich men who indulged in it. Perikles knew full well that the visible splendour of the city, so new to all his contemporaries, would cause her great real power to appear even greater than its reality, and would thus procure for her a real, though unacknow-

ledged influence—perhaps even an ascendancy—over all cities of the Grecian name. And it is certain that even among those who most hated and feared her, at the outbreak of the Peloponnesian war, there prevailed a powerful sentiment of involuntary deference.

MR. GROTE, contrasts the jury system in England and America with the *Dikasteries* of Athens, to the advantage of the latter, thus :

Trial by jury, as practised in England since 1688, has been politically most valuable, as a security against the encroachments of an anti-popular executive: partly for this reason, partly for others not necessary to state here, it has had greater credit as an instrument of judicature generally, and has been supposed to produce much more of what is good in English administration of justice, than really belongs to it. Amidst the unqualified encomiums so frequently bestowed upon the honesty, the unprejudiced rectitude of appreciation, the practical instinct for detecting falsehood and resisting sophistry, in twelve citizens taken by hazard and put into a jury-box—comparatively little account is taken either of the aids, or of the restrictions or of the corrections in the shape of new trials, under which they act, or of the artificial forensic medium into which they are plunged for the time of their service: so that the theory of the case presumes them to be more of spontaneous agents, and more analogous to the Athenian *dikasts*, than the practice confirms. Accordingly, when we read these encomiums in modern authors, we shall find that both the direct benefits ascribed to jury-trial in ensuring pure and even-handed justice, and still more its indirect benefits in improving and educating the citizens generally—might have been set forth yet more emphatically in a laudatory harangue of Pericles about the Athenian *dikasteries*. If it be true that an Englishman or an American counts more certainly on an impartial and uncorrupt verdict from a jury of his country than from a permanent professional judge, much more would this be the feeling of an ordinary Athenian when he compared the *dikasteries* with the *archon*. The juror hears and judges under full persuasion that he himself individually stands in need of the same protection or redress invoked by others: so also did the *dikast*. As to the effects of jury trial in diffusing respect to the laws and constitution—in giving to every citizen a personal interest in enforcing the former and maintaining the latter—in imparting a sentiment of dignity to small and poor men through the discharge of a function exalted as well as useful—in calling forth the patriotic sympathies, and exercising the mental capacities of every individual—all these effects were produced in a still higher degree by the *dikasteries* at Athens; from their greater frequency, numbers, and spontaneity of mental action, without any professional judge upon whom they could throw the responsibility of deciding for them.

We conclude with the historian's comments on the treacherous massacre of the Helots.

The capture of Sphakteria had caused peculiar sensations among the Helots, to whom the Lacedaemonians had addressed both appeals and promises of emancipation, in order to procure succour for their hoplites while blockaded in the island; and if the ultimate surrender of these hoplites had abated the terrors of Lacedaemonian prowess throughout all Greece, this effect had been produced to a still greater degree among the oppressed Helots. A refuge at Pylus and a nucleus which presented some possibility of expanding into regenerated Messenia were now before their eyes; while the establishment of an Athenian garrison at Kythera opened a new channel of communication with the enemies of Sparta, so as to tempt all the Helots of daring temper to stand forward as liberators of their enslaved race. The Lacedaemonians, habitually cautious at all times, felt now as if the tide of fortune had turned decidedly against them, and acted with confirmed mistrust and dismay—confining themselves to measures strictly defensive, and organizing a force of 400 cavalry, together with a body of bowmen, beyond their ordinary establishment. But the precaution which they thought it necessary to take in regard to the Helots affords the best measure of their apprehensions at the moment, and exhibits indeed a refinement of fraud and cruelty rarely equalled in history. Wishing to single out from the general body such as were most high-couraged and

valiant, the Ephors made proclamation that those Helots who conceived themselves to have earned their liberty by distinguished services in war might stand forward to claim it. A considerable number obeyed the call—probably many who had undergone imminent hazards during the preceding summer in order to convey provisions to the blockaded soldiers in Sphakteria. They were examined by the government, and 2,000 of them were selected as fully worthy of emancipation, which was forthwith bestowed upon them in public ceremonial—with garlands, visits to the temples, and the full measure of religious solemnity. The government had now made the selection which it desired: presently every man among these newly enfranchised Helots were made away with—no one knew how. A stratagem at once so perfidious in the contrivance, so murderous in the purpose, and so complete in the execution, stands without parallel in Grecian history—we might almost say without a parallel in any history. It implies a depravity far greater than the rigorous execution of a barbarous customary law against prisoners of war or rebels, even in large numbers. The Ephors must have employed numerous instruments, apart from each other, for the performance of this bloody deed; yet it appears that no certain knowledge could be obtained of the details—a striking proof of the mysterious efficiency of this Council of Five, surpassing even that of the Council of Ten at Venice—as well as of the utter absence of public inquiry or discussion.

The History of Mary Queen of Scots. By JACOB ABBOT, Author of "The Young Christian," &c. London: Sampson Low. 1849.

ELEGANTLY bound, with gilded leaves, an illuminated title-page, and numerous engravings, this is nevertheless something more than a drawing-room table-book. The composition is singularly lively and graphic, enticing the reader onward by the charm of the narrative and the tact with which the author has selected the most picturesque and striking scenes in the romantic history of the ill-fated MARY. It may be read with pleasure and profit by all, but it is peculiarly adapted for a birthday present or school prize.

BIOGRAPHY.

Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell. Edited by WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D., one of his Executors. In 3 vols. London: Moxon. 1849.

[Continued from page 74.]

BEFORE we greet the poet in his new character as a married man, let us extract an interesting letter from Dr. IRVING, descriptive of his literary associates in London in the early part of 1803.

"In the spring of this year," says Dr. Irving, in his manuscript reminiscences, "I met Campbell in London. We dined at Mr. Longman's the publisher. Among other individuals, not so easily remembered, the company included Walter Scott, Thomas Young, Humphry Davy, and George Ellis; and I may add, without any hazard of contradiction, that such guests as these could not now be assembled at any table in the kingdom. Scott had not then attained the meridian height of his reputation; but he was at all times conspicuous for his social powers, and for his strong practical sense. Upon that occasion, he was full of good humour, and had many stories to tell. Ellis, possessing an ample fund of elegant literature, was a model of all that was easy and pleasant in private society. Young, one of the most remarkable men of the age, was alike distinguished in science and erudition. Davy, who was so great in his own department, seemed willing to talk, in an easy and unpretending strain, on any topic that was discussed. Among these men Campbell did not appear to much advantage; he was too ambitious to shine, nor was he successful in any of his attempts. He was much inclined to dilate on the subject of Homer, and the poems which bear his name, but on various points was opposed with equal decision and coolness by Dr. Young, who, in all probability, was familiarly acquainted with Wolf's 'Prolegomena ad Homerum,' which had been published eight years before, and which

had introduced a new era in classical criticism. Davy was ready to interpose any remark that occurred to him, though it may be presumed that his chemical was superior to his classical analysis. On the subject of Greek poetry, Scott was silent. Campbell began to wax somewhat too earnest; but, finding that he did not attract all the attention to which he evidently thought himself entitled, he started from his seat at an early hour, and quitted the room with a very hasty step. * * * * * This is very characteristic; but of the Poet's general acquirements, as will appear in the sequel, his friend, Mr. Sydney Smith, and others of his class, formed a very high estimate."

After his marriage he lived in London labouring hard, earning much, and spending lavishly. This was the period of the military mania, and CAMPBELL, like others, joined a volunteer corps, of which event we have the following reminiscence.

In the volunteer corps to which the Poet belonged, some verses were handed about, which show that he lost no occasion for maintaining, in all its native vigour, the glorious spirit of independence. "They were suggested," he said, "by the gallant promise made by our beloved Monarch, that 'in case of invasion, he would be found, in the hour of danger, at the head of his troops!'" The stanzas are among the *rejected pieces*, and, perhaps, long forgotten; but as they embrace an interesting point of history, I have ventured to reprint them from the original!—

"ON JAMES IV. OF SCOTLAND, WHO FELL AT THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN.

"Twas he that ruled our country's heart
With more than royal sway,
But Scotland saw her JAMES depart,
And sickened at his stay;
She heard his fate, she wept her grief,
That JAMES—her loved, her gallant chief—
Was gone for evermore!
But this she learnt, that ere he fell—
Oh, men!—Oh, patriots! mark it well!—
His fellow-soldiers round his fall,
Enclosed him like a living wall,
Mixing their kindred gore!
Nor was the day of Flodden done,
Till they were slaughtered one by one,
And this may proudly show,
When kings are patriots, none will fly!
When such a king was doomed to die—
Who would death forego?"

"T. C."

The poet was very regular in his attendance at drill; and, after a great field-day, thus writes to Mr. Richardson:—"December.—Out on St. Andrew's-day, at the muster of the North Britons. But, oh! what a flogging work this volunteering is! Eight hours under a musket!" Nor was this all, for he adds, "Bensley, the printer, with all his 'devils,' is upon me for an account of £100, besides boxes, portage, and heaven knows what. It gives me the nightmare to think of it."

ABOUT this time the poet, it seems, had seriously entertained the project of going to Russia as Professor at Wilna, under the Government. To this he was driven by pecuniary embarrassment—that curse of young geniuses who have not prudence as well as ability.

On this curious topic we are thus enlightened by his biographer.

It was desirable, however, that the wishes of Campbell should not be published until his election was secured. Any report of his being likely to quit the country would cancel his literary engagements, bring down his small creditors upon him, and expose him to various difficulties, from which it would be impossible to extricate himself at a day's notice. But what weighed more with him, perhaps, than any other consideration, was the dread of being unsuccessful; and, as his rivals could cite passages from the "The Pleasures of Hope," which would be no recommendation to him as Professor in Wilna, he was far from being sanguine as to the result. It was hardly to be expected that the Russian censor would be more indulgent to the poet than he had been to his poems; and as the weapons he had formerly discharged in the service of Poland might now be returned with interest, he became less anxious to push the question.

In the meantime, however, the secret transpired; and the petty vexations to which he was consequently ex-



posed, give a painful interest to his letters. "Mr. —," he says, "hearing, I suppose, of my outlandish appointment, refused my mother twenty pounds at my demand. Will you, my dear fellow, give her ten; for it requires five to make up her half-year's annuity, and she will require five more to send to Glasgow." * * * That name calls up the bitterest feelings of reflection, occasioned by an event which I mention to you in *confidence*. I have this day received a letter, anonymously written in a female hand, signed by a member of the 'Glasgow Female Society,' upbraiding me in the grossest terms, for abandoning a near relation to poverty and distress. 'This relative,' it says, 'has none to support her.' * * * Now, if this letter be written at the instance, or founded on the complaints of that relative, it is the very person with whom I have, year after year, divided my last guinea!"

Further reflection, however, convinced him of the danger of this scheme to one so deeply imbued with liberal principles, and he broke off the negotiation. His troubles at this period are thus described by himself.

"July 14, 1804.

"A poet is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards. I have only one consolation, and that is the idea of having yourself in Edinburgh to act as my friend in a business that requires both secrecy and trouble. The bare mention of the word secrecy may, perhaps, alarm the delicacy of a mind so little prone to concealment; but it is really necessary, and not dishonourable. * *

The fact is this: I have got into a literary scrape: I am dealing with a bookseller in Edinburgh in a business where he can hurt me much. But at this distance, and corresponding with me, he answers no letters. About the time when I was agog after my wife, I engaged to write a 'History of England.' It was to be in three volumes—a sequel to Smollett. I have nearly finished it. The bargain, was that I was to do it plainly and decently—but as the price they could afford was but small, it was to be anonymous. Now, in the course of performing this task, some ideas, which at first did not appear to me, have given me no little uneasiness. * * * The last time he wrote, it was a blunt demand, without either offer or terms, for a volume of new poems, which I had not to give him. * * * About half-a-year ago, expecting (as hitherto) a largess on the eighth edition of my book, which his partner, Mr. Mundell, promised on *every* edition, in consideration of what I gave him in addition to the second part of 'The Pleasures of Hope,' I sent my mother a draft on Mr. Doig. But, although this premium on each edition is due to me, and although I was even working for him at the time, he refused the demand!"

CAMPBELL was a remarkably slow writer, "often in composition like an artist setting figures in mosaic—cautiously marking the weight, shape, and effect, of each particular piece before dropping it into its place. Nor did this habit of nicety and precision diminish with experience; for erasures are more frequent in his latter than in his earlier manuscripts."

In 1804 he obtained a post on *The Star* newspaper, which yielded him four guineas a week, and he received considerable emoluments from contributions to periodical literature. But withal he could not contrive to make two ends meet. He took a cottage at Sydenham, where he lived for many years, and which he thus describes:

I am anxious to know how expensiveness has arisen with you; for here everything is dreadfully dear. Although my wife is a notable economist, yet the week's bills are enormous beyond what they would have been a few years ago. Now, indeed, I begin to live somewhat more bravely than at first. I advise you, however, to marry to know the value of life's comforts. I never take my poor Matilda a jaunt to Kensington, or indulge in the slightest luxury, without wondering that happiness—which before I could never get for love or money—was now to be got by industry and the virtue that purifies love, and makes money wealth indeed.

I have succeeded in fitting my house well furnished

We have a most elegant little drawing-room, and furniture enough for a parlour and study, when we get into a larger house. I have bought also some important maps and books, and hope soon to attain to a good library. All this comes of being happy at home. I should have been poor to this day if I had not got a wife. I must not omit, in my catalogue of comforts, that I have secured a good store of port wine; and yet I assure you, by the orders of my grave list, and from better motives, I have laid aside every propensity to take one glass more than does me good—to which I was sometimes addicted in Edinburgh. But who could resist such good fellows! * * * I only mention all this, to show you how regularly and comfortably I have now brought myself to live. All this would be nothing with regard to the flattering of my own feeling—no; but I have scribbled and blinded myself, reading and copying night and day, to show my dear, patient partner that, although one first outset in matrimony was poor, the continuance was not to be so. This insetting year I am preparing for invocations, which she resists as Jacobinical! I have banished the *summer toddy*, out of which she used to drink her solitary glass, with as pleased a face as if it had been Tokay, or a better beverage. * * * I shall have a large and well-aired house in the country, a stock of fowls, and a good garden; and, though Matilda's extreme caution is a guarantee against profusion, yet I find comfort a fine support to industry.

And again,

Externally, the new situation had much to soothe and interest a poetical mind. From the south, a narrow lane, lined with hedgerows, and passing through a little dell watered by a rivulet, leads to the house, from the windows of which the eye wanders over an extensive prospect of undulating hills, park-like enclosures, hamlets, and picturesque villas shaded with fine ornamental timber; with here and there some village spire shooting up through "the forest," reflecting the light on its vase, or breaking the stillness with the chime of its "evening bells." Ramifying in all directions, shady walks, where he was safe from all intrusion but that of the Muses, enabled him to combine healthful exercise with profitable meditation.

His correspondence at this period throws much curious light upon the career of even a prosperous literary man. These are his annoyances.

"From Edinburgh," he says, "I came back to London a perfect adventurer, having nothing to depend upon for subsistence but my pen. I was by no means without literary employment; but the rock on which I split was over-calculating the gains I could make from them. I have observed that authors, and all other artists, are apt to make similar mistakes. The author—and I can speak from experience—sits down to an engagement, for which he is to have so much per sheet. He gets through what seems a tenth of a day; but innumerable and incalculable interruptions occur. Besides, what has been written to-day, may require to be re-written to-morrow; and thus he finds that a grocer, who sells a pound of figs, and puts a shilling, including threepence of profit, into the till of his counter, has a more surely gainful vocation than the author."

"In my married state," he adds, "I lived a year in town, and then took and furnished a house at Sydenham, to which I brought my young wife and a lovely boy."

And these are his labours.

"I accepted an engagement to write for the *Star* newspaper, and the *Philosophical Magazine*, conducted by Mr. Tulloch, the editor of the *Star*, for which I received at the rate of two hundred pounds a year. But that sum, out of which I had to pay for a horse, on which I rode to town every-day, was quite inadequate to my wants; so I betook myself to literary engagements that would allow me to labour all day in the country. Dispirited beneath all hope of raising my reputation by what I could write, I contracted for only anonymous labour—and of course at an humble price.

"It is always a misfortune for a literary man to have recourse to anonymous writing—let his motives be never so innocent. And if there be any excuse more admissible than another, it is when his poverty and modesty co-operate against him. But it lowers a man's

genius to compose that for which his name is not to be answerable. I wrote on all subjects—even including agriculture—and smile, but hear me, for, odd as it may seem, I tell you the truth in saying, that by writing on agriculture, I acquired so much knowledge on the subject as to have been more than once complimented on that knowledge by practical farmers."

But withal there was that improvidence which consists in not accurately calculating means and then adapting wants to them. It is the fault of literary men generally, and the source of nine-tenths of their troubles, that they establish themselves upon a certain scale of living proportioned rather to their fancied deserts than to their actual income, and then their life becomes one long terrible struggle with the difficulties so occasioned. A prudent man will always estimate his income first, and striking off one fourth of it for contingencies, adapt his style of living to the sum that remains. If he cannot afford a large house, he will take a small one; if it will not suffice for a house, he will live in lodgings. The only excuse for literary men is that their incomes are precarious. But then it more becomes their duty to regulate their expenditure by the *lowest* and not by the *highest* scale; whereas, they usually adopt the highest, and trust to fortune to enable them to maintain it. They are always *going to be well off*. Thus we read of CAMPBELL:

Any minute calculation of money received or disbursed, was an exercise for which he had neither taste nor patience; and of the real state of his finances, his friends, in general, knew much more than himself. "I am always ready to shoot myself," he says, "when I come to the subject of cash accounts;" and it will be seen, in the course of these letters, that he sometimes imagined himself rich when he was poor, and on one occasion thought himself *penniless*, when, in fact, he had a good sum of bank notes in his pocket. This, however, happened at a time when the aspect of his fortunes had much improved; but a rooted disinclination to balance his expenditure and income drew him into many difficulties, which a very little calculation and forethought might have prevented.

Memoirs of my Youth. By A. DE LAMARTINE. Vol. I; Simms and McIntyre. 1849.

THIS is another addition to the *Parlour Library of Instruction*. The translation is carefully and even elegantly made. The autobiography of a man who has been so famous, will, of course be read with eager interest by all, especially when it can be procured at such a trifling cost as in this edition of it. Otherwise we should have given to it the elaborate notice which it is the practice of THE CRITIC to afford to biography.

PHILOSOPHY.

Household Education. By HARRIET MARTINEAU. London: MOXON. 1849.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

THE intellect of a human being cannot be of a high order (though some particular faculties may be very strong) if the moral nature is low and feeble; and the moral state cannot be a lofty one where the intellect is torpid.

In these words Miss MARTINEAU propounds a great truth—an all-important one in education;—and therefore one which cannot be too firmly fixed in the minds of all whose business or duty it is to educate others, or who desire to improve themselves. Abstract truth is the object of intellectual operation, vital goodness the aim of moral culture. Goodness might be defined as truth in action, and allowing this definition, it will be seen at once how intimately, or, we might say, inseparably, the improvement of the two are connected.

In confirmation of Miss MARTINEAU's views with regard to the mistake of cultivating one faculty or set of faculties at the expense of another, we may add that the soul like the body is one, and that to blind the eyes for the purpose of quickening the sense of touch would be about as advantageous to this indivisible unity, as to depress one power for the sake of exalting another, would be to that.

But very properly Miss MARTINEAU cautions those who cannot procure learning for their children against imagining that they cannot therefore be good, and consoles them under what she admits to be a great privation.

It does not follow from this that to be very good a child must be exceedingly clever, "highly educated," as we call it. There are plenty of highly-educated people who are not morally good; and there are many honest and amiable and industrious people who cannot read and write. The thing is, we misuse the word "Education." Book-learning is compatible with great poverty of intellect; and there may be a very fine understanding, great power of attention and observation, and possibly, though rarely, of reflection, in a person who has never learned to read—if the moral goodness of that person has put his mind into a calm and teachable and happy state, and his powers of thought have been stimulated by active affections; if, as we say, his heart has quickened his head. These are truths very important to know; and they ought to be consolatory to parents who are grieved and alarmed because they cannot send their children to school—supposing that their intellectual part must suffer and go to waste for want of school-training and instruction from books. I will say simply and openly what I think about this. I think that no children in any rank of life, can acquire so much book-knowledge as at a good school, or have their intellectual faculties so well roused and trained. I have never seen an instance of such high attainment in languages, mathematics, history, or philosophy, in young people taught at home—even by the best masters—as in those who have been in a good school. Without going into the reasons of this, which would lead us out of our way here, I would fully admit the fact.

She then proceeds to inquire what advantages of school law may be brought home. Some she thinks may, and the chief of these is regularity:

He (the child) should, if possible, be saved all uncertainty, all conflict in his little mind, as to his daily business. If there is a want of certainty and punctuality about his lessons, there will be room for the thought of something, which for the moment, he would like better; and again, his young faculties will become confused and irregular in their working from uncertainty of seasons and of plans. If there can be a particular place, and a particular time for him, every day but Sundays, and he is never put off, his faculties will come to their work with a freshness and a steadiness which nothing but habit will secure. A law of work which leaves him no choice, but sets all his faculties free for his business, saves him half the labour of it; as it does in after-life to those who are so blessed as to be destined to necessary, and not voluntary labour.

But the jurisdiction of law at home should not be too much extended:

When I come to speak of habits, by and by, it will be seen that this introduction of law at home is to relate only to affairs of habit and intellectual attainment. The misfortune of school is, that the affections and feelings must come under the control of law, instead of the guidance of domestic love. It would be a wanton mischief indeed, to spoil the freedom of home by stretching rule and law there beyond their proper province.

The perceptive faculties are the first which come into activity. Here is good advice:

It grieves me to see conscientious parents who govern their own lives by reasoning, stimulating a young child to reason long before the proper time. The reflective and reasoning faculties are among the last that should naturally come into use; and the only safe way is to watch for their first activity, and then let it have scope. One of the finest children I ever saw—a stout, hand-

some boy, with a full set of vigorous faculties, was, at five years old, in danger of being spoiled in a strange sort of way. The process was stopped in time to save his intellect and his morals; but not before it had strewn his youthful life with difficulties from which he need never have suffered. This boy heard a great deal of reasoning always going on, and he seldom or never saw any children, except in parties or in the street. His natural imitation of the talk of grown-up people was encouraged; and from the time he could speak, he saw in the whole world,—in all the objects that met his senses,—only things to reason about. He could not shut the door or put on his pinafore when bid, till the matter was argued, and the desired act proved to be reasonable. He had infinite trouble in learning to spell, and in mastering all the elements of knowledge which are acquired by the memory: and his writing a good hand, or being ready at figures, or apt at learning a modern language by the ear was hopeless. He would doubtless have done all these well if his faculties had been exercised in their proper order;—that is, in the order which nature indicates and vindicates.

The perceptive faculties are those which come next in order to the perceptive. Referring the reader to the volume itself for much that is interesting and profitable regarding their development and treatment, we extract the following on the love of reading in childhood:

Children who read from the love of reading are usually supremely happy over their books. A wise parent will indulge the love of reading, not only from kindness in permitting the child to do what it likes best, but because what is read with enjoyment has intense effect upon the intellect. The practice of reading for amusement must not begin too soon: and it must be permitted by very slow degrees, till the child is so practised in this art of reading as to have its whole mind at liberty for the subject, without having to think about the lines or the words. Till he is sufficiently practised for this he should be read to; and it will then appear whether he is likely to be moderate when he gets a book into his own hands. My own opinion is, that it is better to leave him to his natural tastes—to his instincts,—when that important period of his life arrives which makes him an independent reader. Of course, his proper duty must be done;—his lessons or work of other kind, and his daily exercise. But it seems to me better to abstain from interfering with that kind of strong inclination than to risk the evils of thwarting it. Perhaps scarcely any person of mature years can conceive what the appetite for reading is to a child. It goes off, or becomes changed in mature years, to such a degree as to make the facts of a reading childhood scarcely credible in remembrance, or even before the eyes. But it is all right, and the process had better not be disturbed. The apprehension of a child is so quick, his perceptive faculty is so ravenous for facts and pictures, or the merest suggestions, and he is so entirely free from those philosophical checks which retard in adults the process of reception from books, that he can, at ten years old, read the same book twice as fast as he can,—if he duly improve meanwhile,—twenty years later.

And *apropos* of this subject, we have another anecdote, containing an instructive lesson, of the childhood of Miss MARTINEAU.

I can speak from experience of what children feel towards parents who mercifully leave them to their own propensities,—forbearing all reproach about the ill-manners and the selfishness of which the sinners are keenly conscious all the while. Some children's greediness for books is like a drunkard's for wine. They can no more keep their hands off a beloved book than the tippler from the bottle before him. The great difference as to the safety of the case is that the child's greediness is sure to subside into moderation in time, from the development of new faculties, while the drunkard's is sure to go on increasing till all is over with him. If parents would regard the matter in this way, they would neither be annoyed at the excess of the inconvenient propensity, nor proud of any child who has it. It is no sign yet of a superiority of intellect; much less of that wisdom, which in adults is commonly supposed to arise from large book-knowledge. It is simply a natural appetite for that provision of ideas and images

which should at this season be laid in for the exercise of the higher faculties which have yet to come into use. As I have said, I know from experience the state of things which exists when a child cannot help reading to an amount which the parents think excessive, and yet are unwilling, for good reasons, to prohibit. One Sunday afternoon when I was seven years old, I was prevented by illness from going to chapel; a circumstance so rare that I felt very strange and listless. I did not go to the maid who was left in the house, but lounged about the drawing-room, where, among other books which the family had been reading, was one turned down upon its face. It was a dull-looking octavo volume, thick, and bound in calf, as untempting a looking book to the eyes of a child as could well be seen; but, because it happened to be open, I took it up. The paper was like skim-milk,—thin and blue, and the printing very ordinary. Moreover, I saw the word, "Argument," a very repulsive word to a child. But my eye caught the word "Satan," and I instantly wanted to know how anybody could argue about Satan. I saw that he fell through chaos, found the place in the poetry;—and lived heart, mind, and soul in Milton from that day till I was fourteen. I remember nothing more of that Sunday, vivid as is my recollection of plunging into chaos; but I remember that from that time till a young friend gave me a pocket edition of Milton, the calf-bound volume was never to be found because I had got it somewhere; and that, for all those years, to me the universe moved to Milton's music. I wonder how much of it I knew by heart—enough to be always repeating some of it to myself, with every change of light and darkness, and sound and silence,—the moods of the day and the seasons of the year. It was not my love of Milton which required the forbearance of my parents,—except for my hiding the book and being often in an absent fit. It was because this luxury had made me ravenous for more. I had a book in my pocket, a book under my pillow; and in my lap as I sat meals; or rather, on this last occasion it was a newspaper. I used to purloin the daily London paper before dinner, and keep possession of it,—with a painful sense of the selfishness of the act; and with a daily pang of shame and self-reproach I slipped away from the table when the dessert was set on, to read in another room. I devoured all Shakspere, sitting on a footstool, and reading by firelight, while the rest of the family were still at table. I incessantly wondered that this was permitted; and intensely though silently grateful I was for the impunity and the indulgence. It never extended to the omission of any of my proper business. I learned my lessons; but it was with the prospect of reading while I was brushing my hair at bedtime; and many a time have I stood reading, with the brush suspended, till I was far too cold to sleep. I made shirts with due diligence,—being fond of sewing; but it was with Goldsmith, or Thomson, or Milton open on my lap, under my work, or hidden by the table, that I might learn pages and cantos by heart. The event justified my parents in their indulgence. I read more and more slowly, and fewer and fewer authors, and with ever increasing seriousness and reflection, till I became one of the slowest of readers, and a comparatively sparing one. Of course one example is not a rule for all; but the number of ravenous readers among children is so large, and among adults so small in comparison, that I am disposed to consider it a general fact, that when the faculties, naturally developed, reach a certain point of forwardness, it is the time for laying in a store of facts and impressions from books which are needed for ulterior purposes.

The parents' main business during this process is to look to the quality of the books read;—I mean merely to see that the child has the freest access to those of the best quality. Nor do I mean only to such as the parent may think good for such and such an age. The child's own mind is a truer judge in this case than the parents' suppositions. Let noble books be on the shelf,—the classics of our language,—and the child will get nothing but good.

We feel sure that the experience of many will corroborate Miss MARTINEAU's statement regarding the passion felt by some children for reading, and which she herself seems to have experienced in one of its most violent forms, and also, from a consciousness of the accruing benefit, bear her out in the advice founded thereupon.

In treating of the development of the reasoning powers, she takes occasion to advocate female education:

I must declare that on no subject is there more nonsense talked (as it seems to me), than on that of female education, when restriction is advocated. In works otherwise really good, we find it taken for granted that girls are not to learn the dead languages and mathematics, because they are not to exercise professions where these attainments are wanted; and a little further on we find it said that the chief reason for boys and young men studying these things is to improve the quality of their minds. I suppose none of us will doubt that everything possible should be done to improve the quality of the mind of every human being. If it is said that the female brain is incapable of studies of an abstract nature,—that is not true: for there are many instances of women who have been good mathematicians, and good classical scholars. The plea is, indeed, nonsense on the face of it; for the brain which will learn French will learn Greek; the brain which enjoys arithmetic is capable of mathematics. If it is said that women are light-minded and superficial, the obvious answer is that their minds should be the more carefully sobered by grave studies, and the acquisition of exact knowledge. If it is said that their vocation in life does not require these kinds of knowledge,—that is giving up the main plea for the pursuit of them by boys,—that it improves the quality of their minds. If it is said that such studies unfit women for their proper occupations,—that again is untrue. Men do not attend the less to their professional business, their counting-house, or their shop, for having their minds enlarged and enriched, and their faculties strengthened by sound and various knowledge; nor do women on that account neglect the work-basket, the market, the dairy, and the kitchen. If it be true that women are made for these domestic occupations, then of course they will be fond of them. They will be so fond of what comes most naturally to them that no book study (if really not congenial to their minds) will draw them off from their homely duties. For my part, I have no hesitation whatever in saying that the most ignorant women I have known have been the worst housekeepers; and that the most learned women I have known have been among the best,—wherever they have been early taught and trained to household business, as every woman ought to be. A woman of superior mind knows better than an ignorant one what to require of her servants, how to deal with tradespeople, and how to economise time; she is more clear-sighted about the best ways of doing things; has a richer mind with which to animate all about her, and to solace her own spirit in the midst of her labours. If nobody doubts the difference in pleasantness of having to do with a silly and narrow-minded woman and with one who is intelligent and enlightened, it must be clear that the more intelligence and enlightenment there is, the better.

In harmony with the above sentiments, we remember in that charming work "Letters from the Baltic," an observation of the authoress that "educated persons excel in the meanest things, and refined minds possess the most common sense." All our own experience confirms the truth of Miss RIGBY's assertion, and proves the accuracy of Miss MARTINEAU's reasoning.

Very good is what she says upon

THE IMAGINATION.

It is this faculty which has produced the highest benefits to the human race that it has ever enjoyed. The highest order of men who have lived are those in whom the power of imagination has been the strongest, the most disciplined and the most elevated. The noblest gifts that have been given to men are the ideas which have proceeded from such minds. It is this order of mind alone which creates. Others may discover, and adapt, and improve, and establish: but it is the imaginative order of mankind that creates,—whether it be the majestic steam-engine, or the immortal picture, or the divine poem. It should be a joyful thing to parents,—though it must be a very serious one—to see clear tokens in any child of the development of this faculty,—the faculty of seeing things invisible,—of "seeing things that are not as though they were." If it is only of average strength, it is a true blessing, inasmuch as it

enables the views of the life of the individual, if its benefit extends no further in a direct manner. If it appears in any marked degree, the parents' hearts cannot but be elated, though they may be anxious. It is a sign of natural nobility,—of a privilege higher than hereditary or acquired honour; and greater than a monarch can bestow. Through it, if it be rightly trained, its possessor must enjoy the blessings in largeness of heart, and wealth, and friends, and probably of being a benefactor, more or less, to his race. Now what are the tokens of this endowment, and how should it be treated?

When a young person's views extend beyond the objects immediately presented to him, it is naturally seen in his countenance, manners, speech, and habits. The questions he asks, the books he reads, his remarks on what he reads or hears, all show whether his mind is deeply employed. He is probably a great reader, and if he has been religiously brought up, he probably becomes intensely religious about the time of the development of the higher faculties. He must be treated with great consideration and tenderness. If he is of an open disposition, apt to tell of his day-dreams and aspirations, there must be no ridicule,—no disrespect from any part of the household. There ought to be none; for it is pretty certain that any day-dreams and aspirations of his are more worthy of respect than any ridicule with which they can be visited. The way to strengthen and discipline the mind is not, as we have often said already, to repress any of its faculties, but to employ them well. In no case is this management more important than in the present.

In the treatment of minds of this class, she recommends sympathy, confidence, an abundant ministration of noble ideas and examples, as well by conversation as by books of all kinds,—poetry and fiction as well as actual narrative,—feeling, as every nobler mind has felt, that

"Deeds of great men all remind us,
We may make our lives sublime."

She concludes by enforcing the necessity of forbearance:

In the parents' sympathy must be included forbearance; forbearance with the uncertainty of temper and spirits, the extravagance of ideas, the absurd ambition, or fanaticism, or (as it is generally called), "romance," which show themselves, more or less, on the opening of a strong imaginative faculty. It should be borne in mind that the young creature is half living in a new world! and that the difficulty of reconciling this beloved new world with the familiar old one is naturally very trying to one who is just entering upon the struggles of the mind and of life. He cannot reconcile the world, and its ways, and its people, with the ideals which are presenting themselves to him; and he becomes, for a time, irritable, or scornful, or depressed. One will be fanatical for a time, and sleep on the boards, and make and keep a vow never to smile. Another will be discontented, and apparently ungrateful, for a time, in the idea that he might be a hero if he had certain advantages which are not given him. Another looks down already on all his neighbours on account of the great deeds he is to do by and by: and all are convinced, every youth and maiden of them all, that nobody can enter into their feelings,—nobody understand their minds,—nobody conceive of emotions and aspirations such as theirs. At the moment, this is likely to be true; for their ideas and emotions are vast and stirring, beyond their own power to express; and it can scarcely happen that any one is at hand, just at the right time, to receive their outpourings and give them credit for more than they can tell. With all the consequences of these new movements of the mind, the parents must have forbearance,—even to the point (if it must be) of witnessing an intimacy with some young companions not very wise, who is the depository of more confidence than is offered to those who should be nearest and dearest. These waywardnesses and follies may have their day, and prove after all to have been, in their way, wholesome discipline. Every waywardness brings its smart; and every folly leaves its sting of shame in the mind that is high enough to manifest any considerable power of imagination. They will punish and cure themselves, and probably in a short time.

Of paramount importance in education—in the great work of life, Miss MARTINEAU considers the presence of a lofty Ideal:

My own sense of it is so strong, and so confirmed by the experience of a life, that I feel if I had the utmost powers of thought and language that were ever possessed by the human being, I could do no justice to it:—that the only means of improving the *morale* to the utmost is by elevating the ideal of the individual. It is well to improve the conduct, and satisfy the conscience of the child by calling upon its resolution to amend its faults in detail,—to control its evil tempers, and overcome its indolence and laxity: but this is a temporary method, insufficient for its ultimate needs. The strength of resolution fails when the season of youth is past, or is employed on other objects; and it is rare, as we all know, to see faults amended, and bad habits overcome in mature years: and then, if improvement proceeds, radically and continuously, it is by the mind being placed under good influences, operating both powerfully and continuously. Of good influences, the most powerful and continuous is the presence in the mind of a lofty ideal. This is the great central fire which is always fed by the material it draws to itself, and which can hardly be extinguished. When the whole mind is possessed with the image of the godlike, ever growing with the expansion of the intelligence, and ever kindling with the glow of the affections, every passion is consumed, every weakness grows into the opposite strength; and the entire force of the moral life, set free from the exclusive care of the details of conduct, and from the incessant anxiety of self-regards, is at liberty to actuate the whole harmonious being in its now necessary pursuit of the highest moral beauty it can conceive of. To this godlike inspiration, strong and lofty powers of thought and imagination are essential: and if parents desire that their children should be what they are made to be,—"but a little lower than the angels,"—they must cherish these powers as the highest sources of moral inspiration.

Nothing can be more certainly true than the above, and it is exactly in proportion as the mind is transformed into the likeness of the noblest and purest ideal, or merely conformed to the outward shows of a formal decency, that there has been any real progress made in the true object of education as far as the individual himself is concerned, or a mere legal price has been paid for the advantage of character and the joys (such as they are), of self-gloration.

That we can never, in our present state, perfectly attain in thought, word, and deed to the moral and intellectual beauty of this ideal, ought to be no discouragement to our striving after it. We shall attain to it, when we have put off the flesh with all its infirmities, and quitted the world with all its temptations. But here, the approach must be begun, and the nearer it is carried the happier it will be for ourselves.

The concluding portion of the work is devoted to enforcing the care of the habits, the importance of which Miss MARTINEAU justly thinks cannot be overrated. Indeed, although we cannot of any particular form of training affirm an absolutely certain result, it would be difficult to exaggerate, in any point, the importance of education. The products of the human mind and heart, like the products of the natural world, are not to be obtained without labour and cultivation. Yet we cannot think that in all cases cultivation will do everything. Our experience, both personal and derived from books, confirms what an American author thus expresses:—"We see, too, in the world that some persons assimilate only what is ugly and evil from the same moral circumstances which supply good and beautiful results—the fragrance of celestial flowers—to the daily life of others." We must till the soil,

and sow the seed, or most assuredly there will be no harvest. But though parents may plant, and teachers may water, it is God alone who gives the increase.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Six Months' Service in the African Blockade, from April to October, 1848, in command of H. M. S. Bonetta. By Commander FORBES, R. N. Author of "Five Years in China." London : Bentley.

If there is one fact more clearly established than another, it is that our African Blockade is productive of incalculable injury to the objects of our humanity, by immensely increasing the horrors of the middle passage, without in any way preventing the traffic it was the hope of the Legislature thus to have suppressed. At the same time we are taking from the industrious people of this heavily burdened country upwards of a million a year, for an object which has proved to be impracticable. Why it should be maintained, with this evidence of experience against it, is a problem which can only be solved by supposing that there are some home interests enlisted on its behalf.

Captain FORBES adds his testimony to that of so many of his predecessors upon this point, that the increased risk had induced the slave traders to sacrifice everything to speed of sailing, and that a very small increased insurance suffices to cover all the risks of capture. The consequence is, that the slaves are packed together into the smallest space, and that considerable per centage is allowed in the calculation for the deaths thus occasioned. When we chase a slaver for the purpose of liberating the captives, our *friendly* cannon are more fatal to them than the foes from whom we seek to deliver them. Hear his account of

THE MIDDLE PASSAGE.

Each trade requires a particularly constructed vessel; and from their peculiarity, those accustomed to naval affairs can at once single out a slaver from a number of vessels (could not any one tell an Indiaman from a collier?); for of all the ships employed in whatsoever capacity, none are more beautiful than the generality of slavers.

The equipment of the regular slaver is attended with a large outlay; in short, no expense is spared. She is run up for the voyage, and should she be found strong enough for another, she undergoes a thorough repair. In order to make her light and buoyant, her timbers and beams are small and screwed together: when chased these screws are loosened to give the vessel play. After the hull is built she is placed in the hands of the coopers, who erect in the hold huge water-casks, called leaguers. On these are stowed the provisions, wood, &c.; above them is the slave-deck. Thirty-six inches may be considered a medium height, but they sometimes measure four feet six inches; while, on the other hand, that of the Tragos Milas was fourteen, and of the Pharaof eighteen inches, intended for children only. One of these hellish nurseries was taken in 1842 by H. M. S. Fantome. She measured eighteen tons, and had, besides a crew of five Spaniards, one hundred and five slaves (with one exception, a girl of fourteen) under nine and over four years of age. She had no slave-deck, but the children were stowed on the casks and fire-wood in bulk: her name also was the Triumph.

And again,

On the slaves being received, the largest men are picked out (if not sent with bad characters) as headmen, and these, dividing the slaves into gangs, according to the size of the vessel, of from ten to twenty, keep them in order. The slave deck is divided into two unequal parts, the greater for the men, the other for women and children, and between the sexes no com-

munication takes place during the voyage. The stowage is managed entirely by the head-men, who take care that the largest slaves shall be farthest from the ship's sides, or from any position in which their strength might avail them, to secure a larger space than their neighbours. The form of stowage is, that the poor wretch shall be seated on the hams, and the head thrust between the knees, and so close that when one moves the mass must. In this state nature's offices are performed; and frequently, from the maddened passions of uncivilized men, a fight ensues between parties of two nations whose warlike habits have filled the slave-ship—alike prisoners, each to the other's rulers, and all sold to the same factor. In one instance, a brig, the Isabella II., taken by H. M. S. Sappho in 1838, had been chased off the coast for three days, and when the hatches were opened, starvation had maddened, and, assisted by a regular battle between the Akos and Eboos, had destroyed two hundred human beings. This state of misery works, in a measure, its own cure. Fevers and cutaneous diseases, consequent on the crowded state of the decks, carry off sometimes hundreds, and leave to the survivors at least room enough. In the West Indies, vessels taken from Africa offer a most deplorable picture, many of the slaves being in dreadful agonies, from a loathsome cutaneous disease, yclept the kraskras. It commences like the itch, between the fingers, &c., but, unless checked, it runs into ulcers of enormous size, and, from extreme irritation, often proves fatal. Should a mutiny break out, the cowardly nature of the dastards employed at once breaks forth, frequently decimating the whole, hanging some, shooting others, and cutting and maiming just sufficient to hinder a recurrence on board, and yet not to spoil the sale of the article.

How the slavers contrive to evade the vigilance of our cruisers, will appear from this :

Slave-merchants employ boats to a distance of forty miles out at sea to watch the cruisers; and, incredible as it may appear, yet it is no less a fact, that one of her Majesty's ships was actually reported to that distance daily by whale-boats.

One portion of the coast is almost as good as another for a shipment, except during the severe rains, and a line of signals is constantly kept up. Thus a single light means that the coast is clear and the vessel may venture in; two, that the whereabouts of the cruiser is doubtful; three lights indicate great danger, which if it increase, is shown by repeated flashes. Should the cruiser be off the port at the time a vessel is expected, a bonfire is lighted, and every half-hour a quantity of gunpowder is thrown on it. These flashes are seen twenty miles off, and taken advantage of. With the protection of the American flag, and the correct espionage and line of signals constantly kept up, it is impossible for the coast to be effectually guarded.

What a picture is this of

SLAVE TRADING.

The slave, when offered for sale, passes the same examination that a horse, or other animal, would, with regard to his soundness, &c., in wind and limb; nor is it difficult to discover whether he has been refractory or not. If purchased, the slave is imprisoned in a barracoon, a shed made of heavy piles, driven deep into the earth, and lashed together with bamboos, thatched with palm leaves. If the barracoon be a large one, there is a centre row of piles; along each line of piles is a chain, and at intervals of about two feet is a large neck-link, in one of which each slave is padlocked. Should this method be deemed insufficient, two, and sometimes, in cases of great strength, three, are shackled together; the strong man being placed between two others, and heavily ironed, and often beaten half to death beforehand to ensure his being quiet. The walls of the barracoon extend from four to six feet high, and between them and the roof is an opening about four feet, for the circulation of air. The floor is planked, not from any regard to comfort to the slave, but because a small insect, being in the soil, might deteriorate the merchandise, by causing a cutaneous disease. Night and day these barracoons are guarded by armed men: the slightest insubordination is immediately punished. Twice a day all but the most refractory are allowed out in the frontage, for the purpose of feeding, washing, and performing other offices: after each meal they are obliged to dance for exercise. Should the slave be

shipped from the first barracoon, terrific horrors are saved; but if, on the other hand, the blockade is well kept up, hundreds of them are marched together considerable distances along the sea-coast, for more convenient places of shipment. In these marches dozens die of thirst, being whipped up to the last moment. A river is always made available, canoes being transported thither, and these chance-streams become the Lethe of Tartarus to the resuscitated slaves. When a chance offers for shipping, they are driven into the boats, and at considerable risk are pulled on board. It not unfrequently happens, that one of these boats is capsized, and some hundreds of victims are drowned. Sometimes, the blockade being well kept, it is impossible for the factors to load a vessel for months: the misery endured by the slave during this time can only be imagined. Constantly marched backwards and forwards, a distance of seventy and eighty miles, from the increase of expense, and frequently from the absolute want of provision, they are half starved; or, perhaps (as was the case in 1847, to the number of 2,000), they are murdered for want of provisions to keep them.

Captain FORBES says of our costly folly :

Captures are, therefore, really of small consequence to the slave-merchant, and certainly of little use towards the suppression or extinction of the trade. During twenty-six years, 103,000 slaves have been emancipated; while in the same period 1,795,000 slaves were actually landed, or rather more than over 69,000 slaves annually (see Parliamentary Reports); and last year, notwithstanding the enormous proportion of empty vessels taken, 60,000 slaves were landed.

On the other hand, the shipment is generally by agency; the merchant on the coast receiving bills to an enormous amount, payable only in the event of the vessel arriving in port. He is content to bear the loss should she be taken, because one cargo in six will pay him well. As a proof how much must be gained by this system, slaves were sold on the coast of Africa in 1847 for a mere song,—an old musket was considered too much,—while in the Brazils they realized 50% a piece.

We conclude with the description of

THE KING OF CAPE MOUNT.

H. M. S. Amphitrite visited Cape Mount, and King Cain visited the Amphitrite. Received by salute and guard, he retired into the captain's cabin where, throwing off the monarch, he condescended to converse on various matters. The whim of the moment led an officer, who sat next to him, to bargain for the royal robes; and, after a short discussion, the king received a quantity of pretty glazed printed calico. The Mandingo dress was to be retained until the salute was over, and honours had been paid on his departure. Relying on the royal word, the officer left the captain's cabin, and descended to his mess to dinner, which he had scarcely commenced when the guns fired, and, reaching the deck, he found king and calico both gone, and neither did he see again. When we paid him a visit, on leaving his interior town, a bottle of wine had been stowed away, deep in the recesses of market basket. The king anxiously inquired if any more could be spared, and was told that only one bottle remained, and that that was reserved. A halt before wishing him good-bye occurred. When, in the heat of the day, we sought our bottle it was gone: the king had abstracted it! Three of his wives accompanying us in an excursion, the doctor observing the arm of one of these ladies to be decorated with an English half-crown, had two others slung, and presenting them to the king, asked him to deliver them to the other two. He expressed his willingness, provided a third was given, as the other might be jealous. A short time afterwards, having some monetary transactions on shore, one of these half-crowns was given as change. King Cain, so called by English visitors, was a man about eight-and-twenty, tall, well-built, and for a black handsome. At his birth he had been called Zénah. Becoming a member of the secret society called the Pourra (of which in its place) he took the name of Bahi, by a contraction of Bahi-zenah, which might be called his country name. On his conversion he took the Mahomedan name of Bryhemah (Abraham), and being a warrior went to battle at Tumbah. He was a clever man, and had he lived his family might have been the means of spreading civilization over that

part of Africa. Already he had four sons at Christian, and two at Mahomedan schools. His life had been passed as a warrior, and being brave, he was generous, and although surrounded by enemies, he was seldom the aggressor.

The Western World; or, Travels in the United States in 1846-47; exhibiting them in their Latest Development, Social, Political, and Industrial; including a Chapter on California. With a New Map of the United States, showing their recent Territorial Acquisitions, and a Map of California. By ALEX. MACKAY, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. In 3 vols. Bentley: 1849.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

The inauguration of General TAYLOR as President of the United States, and his brief but dignified address, so pregnant with material for reflection, is indicative not only of the prosperous present but of the magnificent future that opens to our Trans-Atlantic brethren, contrasting so painfully with the difficulties that seem to thicken about the decaying kingdoms of the old world, will give to Mr. MACKAY's work a new interest, for statesman and philosopher will equally be desirous of learning, if he can, to what causes the contrast is due. So far as we can trace them from the ample materials collected in these volumes, they are not so much the result of institutions as of locality. It is the boundless extent of the field of enterprise, enabling every man, who is willing to exert himself, to procure an ample reward for his toil, that forms the foundation of the prosperity which seems to be exempt from the usual influences of season, the mismanagement of rulers, or the ignorance of the people. Only idleness is poor in America: a large family is there, as it was in the old times of Europe, a blessing, a boast, a positive advantage; for in those vast tracts of country, occupied only by forests and prairies, there is room for all, provision for all, a sure reward of toil, a sure source of wealth. Men there have every possible inducement to put forth their energies of mind and body, because the return is certain. Not so with the older countries of Europe. Here all the land is pre-occupied. There is not an acre for any one who is not born to its inheritance, or who has not the means of purchasing it at an extravagant price. The consequence is, that the greater portion of our community must depend for subsistence, not upon the direct results of their own toil, but upon the exchange of the products of their labour for the necessities of life. They are therefore dependant upon the caprices of fashion or the accidents of trade: hence the uncertainty of employment; the limitation of the field of employment produces the intense competition which is the curse—but the inevitable consequence—of over-crowding, and which ends in the weakest being trodden down in the conflict for subsistence—to pauperism—to crime—to discontent—and ultimately to revolution—as we have witnessed during the last year.

It is right to keep this in mind, because we are ourselves enduring the evil, and certainly it will conduct to the same end as it has done elsewhere, unless we can succeed in avoiding it. Is then the cure hopeless?

It cannot be. America prospers because she has an unbounded territory. But have not we the same? Shut up all the people of the State of New York within its boundaries, and it would soon present all the evils of which we complain in England. But, as things are,

when the people of New York find that the demand for land is giving to it a factitious value, and they want to live by cultivating the land, they move away to a newer State where land is less costly, and all its produce rewards their labours. Why should not the people of England and Ireland do likewise? If they cannot all live upon their little islands why do not they go abroad? We also have gigantic territories, occupied only by forests and wild animals, in every quarter of the globe, where an hundred-fold of our present competing population could not only live in plenty, but grow rich, and yet there would be room for their children, however numerous, and their descendants, for generations to come. Why, then, do they stay at home to be half-starved, to feel every child an added burden, to count as a curse that which God intended to be man's greatest pride and blessing—a numerous family. It is much more easy, speedy, and cheap, to go from England to Canada, or the Cape, or even to Australia or New Zealand, than for the inhabitant of New York to migrate to the Far West. But nevertheless he goes, although he has not a tittle of the inducement to quit his home which the poor Englishman has, who sees a young family growing up about him and can find no employment to put them to, every trade and profession being already so full. Thanks to that great highway, the ocean, our colonies are, for all practical purposes, as near to us as if they were attached to our own coast, or nearer; for instance, if Canada were a county of England, it could not be reached so cheaply from the other side of England by any inland conveyance as now it can be reached by sea. Emigration, then, upon a systematic plan, is the cure for England's evils. In the ease of those who can support themselves, it should be purely voluntary and at their own expense. But all who cannot or will not maintain themselves, and but rely upon the labour of the community for subsistence in any shape, whether as vagrants or as permanent paupers, should be carried at the cost of the state to a colony where the excuse for idleness may be taken away, and means given to them for making an honest subsistence by their own labour.

Such a plan, as it seems to us, would possess these great advantages. It would be in itself just, for one man has no right to burthen with his support in idleness the industry of other men, and if he asks them to maintain him he must accept their food on their own terms. It would be really a boon and a blessing to the persons so removed from beggary and want to abundance. It would be, of all others, the most complete remedy, because it would be self-adjusting: the numbers who cannot live by their labour precisely indicate the practical super-abundance of hands, and thus the cure would always be proportioned to the intensity of the malady.

Our suggestion is, therefore, that instead of building workhouses at home, we should convey to a colony all vagrants, and all able-bodied paupers, that is to say, all persons who are unable or unwilling to maintain themselves, but depend for subsistence upon the industry of the rest of the community, *excepting only the aged and infirm*, whom then we may more liberally provide for than it is possible now to do with so many other demands upon the public purse.

But we are forgetting Mr. MACKAY's book in thus describing the plan we would propose for permanently relieving this country from the burden which is daily growing, and must

destroy it at last. The theme, however, was naturally suggested by Mr. MACKAY's description of America, and the hints on which we have adverted may give rise to useful reflection in some minds, and help to prepare the way for the great and inevitable changes to which we shall ere long be compelled.

He thus describes the results of

AMERICAN COMMERCE.

We frequently judge of a system from its monuments. American commerce need not shrink from being already tried by this test. Of the lordly cities which it has reared upon the seaboard there is no occasion to speak; its rapid development is, perhaps, still more visible in the effects which it produces in the interior. Under its fostering influence communities start up, as it were, by magic, in the wilderness: the spot which is to-day a desert, may, thirty years hence, be the site of a flourishing town, containing as many thousand souls. These inland towns are being constantly brought to the surface by the commercial fermentation, which never ceases. They arise under no other influence than that of commerce—they come forth at the bidding of no other voice. Crags and fastnesses are not sought in America as sites for towns. The harbour, or the river's bank, or the neighbourhood of the canal, is the place where they arise; and what commerce does in this respect, no other power, unassisted by it, can do. Washington was designed for a great city; but there being no commercial demand for it, the fostering care of the federal government, from which so much was expected, has ludicrously failed in making it so. Imperial power may have reared a capital on the swamps of the Neva; but it is commerce alone that could call forth and sustain a vast emporium on the sedgy delta of the Mississippi.

This was

A NIGHT AT WASHINGTON.

There was but one hotel in which room was to be had, and that was at the other end of the town. I was conveyed to it in a carriage, which seemed to traverse a dark avenue, in which neither a light nor a house was visible. Thinking that he had taken a circuitous way by the outskirts, I was surprised when the driver told me that we had "come right through the town," his course having been "straight down Pennsylvania-avenue," from the station. I conceived a gloomy idea of Washington from the nocturnal aspect, or rather want of aspect, of its main thoroughfare. In the darkness I could see no trace whatever of a town, the hotel in which I was to take up my quarters having more the appearance of a road-side inn than anything else. The cold wintry wind whistled through the high leafless trees, with which it was flanked, and the solitary lamp which burned over the door, only made darkness visible, there being no trace of another habitation to be seen on any side. I got a fire lighted in my room, and went immediately to bed. I slept uncomfortably, and awoke about ten next morning, feverish and unrefreshed. Before recovering complete consciousness, I lay for some time in a state of semi-stupor, with my eyes half open, and riveted upon what appeared to me to be some huge glowing object, which pained them, but which, at the same time, had such a fascination about it as kept my look fixed upon it. I involuntarily connected it with the uneasy state in which I felt my whole frame to be. It seemed as if the whole of the sun's light was being concentrated by a gigantic lens, and thrown thus intensified upon my brain. On my becoming fairly awake, it turned out to be neither more nor less than the anthracite fire, which burnt smokeless and flameless in my grate, and which looked like one mass of iron glowing at a white heat. For seven hours it had been thus steadily burning, apparently without diminution. The heat which it threw out was so intense and so dry, that my skin under its influence seemed to crackle like parchment. This I afterwards found to be the great objection to anthracite coal in its application to domestic purposes. Admirably adapted for smelting, it throws but an unwholesome heat into a room, drying up all the juices in the body, warping every piece of furniture within its reach, and finding some moisture to extract even from the best seasoned timber. It requires a peculiar construction of grate to burn well in; and unless provided in this way to its taste, will soon eat up the bars of an ordinary one. It has a shat unflamable appearance

but is nevertheless highly combustible, soon lighting and burning for a long time. Its want of flame and smoke would send gladness to the heart of Mr. Mackinnon.

He witnessed some

RIFLE SHOOTING IN KENTUCKY.

The world has rung with the fame of Kentucky riflemen. Extraordinary feats have been attributed to them, some practicable, others of a very fabulous character. For instance, one may doubt, without being justly chargeable with too great a share of incredulity, the exploit attributed to one of their "crack shots," who, it is said, could throw up two potatoes in the air, and, waiting until he got them into a line, sending a rifle ball through both of them. But waiving all questions as to these extraordinary gifts, there is no doubt but that the Kentucky riflemen are first-rate shots. As I was anxious to witness some proofs of their excellence, my friend D—— inquired of the landlord if there were any matches going on in town. He directed us to a spot in the outskirts, where we were likely to see something of the kind, and thither we hied without loss of time. There had been several matches that morning, but they were over before we arrived on the ground. There was one, however, still going on, of rather a singular character, and which had already been nearly of a week's standing. At a distance of from seventy-five to a hundred yards from where the parties stood, were two black cocks, pacing about in an enclosure which left them exposed on the side towards the competitors. At these two men were firing as fast as they could load, and, as it appeared to me, at random, as the cocks got off with impunity. On my observing to Mr. D—— that, although I was no "crack shot," I thought I could kill one at the first fire, he smiled, and directed my attention to their tails. One, indeed, had scarcely any tail left, unless two solitary feathers deserved the appellation. On closer inspection, I found a white line drawn in chalk or paint on either side of the tail of each, close to the body of the bird, and each party taking a bird, the bet was to be won by him who first shot the tail off his, up to the line in question, and without inflicting the slightest wound upon its possessor. They were to fire as often as they pleased, during a certain hour each day, until the bet was decided. One of the competitors had been very successful, and had accomplished his object on the third day's trial, with the exception of the two feathers already alluded to, which, having had a wide gap created between them, seemed to baffle all his efforts to dislodge them. What the issue was I cannot say, for at the close of that day's trial it remained undecided.

Now for

A NIGHT IN CAROLINA.

Having had but little rest on board the steamer the previous night, I slept soundly in one of the hotels the first night ashore. How far into the morning my slumbers would have carried me I know not, but at a pretty early hour I was aroused by a noise which, for the few moments elapsing between deep sleep and perfect consciousness, I took to be the ringing of the sleigh-bells in the streets of a Canadian town. I was soon undeceived; the intense heat, even at that early hour, driving all notions of winter, sleighs, and sleigh-bells out my head. But though in Carolina there was still the jingling of the bells to remind me of Canada. Every bell in the house seemed to have become suddenly bewitched but my own; and anxious to know what was the matter, I soon made it join in the chorus. Even in the ringing of bells one can trace to some extent the difference between characters; and, for some time, I amused myself watching the different manifestations of temper on the part of those who pulled them, which they indicated. Some rung gently, as if those pulling them shrank from being troublesome; others authoritatively as the ringers would be obeyed at once without another summons; and others again angrily, as if they had already been frequently pulled in vain. Very soon all became angry, some waxing into a towering passion; for although all might ring, all could not possibly be answered at once. I had brief time to notice these things ere the waiters were heard hurrying up and down stair, and along the lengthy wooden lobbies which echoed to their footsteps. Things now appeared to be getting serious, and jumping out of bed I opened my door just as a troop of black fellows were hurrying past,

each with a bucket of water in his hand. I immediately inferred that the house was on fire; and as American houses generally on such occasions, go off like gun-cotton, I sprung back into my room, with a view to partly dressing myself and making my escape. A universal cry for "Boots," however, mingled with every sort of imprecation on that functionary's head, from the simple ejaculation to the elaborate prayer, soon convinced me that the case was less urgent than I had supposed; and, on further investigation, it turned out that the unusual hubbub had been created by some one playing overnight the old and clumsy trick of changing the boots before they were taken from the bedroom doors to be cleaned, so that, on being replaced in the morning, each guest was provided with his neighbour's instead of his own. I had lain down the happy possessor of a pair of Wellingtons, which, in the morning, I found converted into unsightly hightops. Other transformations as complete and as awkward took place, the dandy finding at his door the brogues of a clodhopper from the north-west, who was attempting, next door, with a grin, to squeeze his toes into his indignant neighbour's patent leather boots. After some search my Wellingtons were discovered in another hall, standing at a lady's door, whose shoes had been placed before that of a Texan volunteer on his way to Mexico and glory. It was not the good fortune of all so readily to recover their property, the majority of the guests having to breakfast in slippers, during which the unclaimed boots and shoes were collected together in the great hall, each man afterwards selecting, as he best could, his own property from the heap. Until the nature of the joke was discovered, the poor Boots had a narrow escape of his life; and it was amusing to witness the chuckle of the black waiters, as, on discovering the trick they quietly returned with their unemptied buckets to their respective posts.

These are the remarkable characteristics of

THE INHABITANTS OF NEW ORLEANS.

There are few towns on the surface of the globe possessing such a medley of population as New Orleans. There are five distinct bases to the mixed race that inhabits it — the Anglo-American, the French, the Spanish, the African, and the Indian. Not only is each of these to be found in it unmixed with any other, but they are all commingled, the one with the other, in a variety of ways and in interminable degrees. The bulk of the population, however, at present consists of Anglo-Americans and French creoles; the former having no blood in their veins but that of the Saxon, and the latter having in it a small admixture of the American and the Spanish, but none other. But the majority of the creole population are of pure French extraction, natives of Louisiana; a small proportion of them having in their veins the yet unadulterated blood of Castile, and still speaking the Spanish language; and the remainder, also a small proportion, being, as already said, a mixture of the French and Spanish blood. The African race does not preponderate in point of numbers in New Orleans, but it constitutes not far from fifty per cent. of the entire population. Of these not more than one-sixth are free blacks, no less than two-fifths of the whole population of New Orleans being still held in bondage. The pure Indians are exceedingly few in number, as happily is also the mixed breed between the Indian and the Negro, which forms so large and so degraded a proportion of the population of the Mexican confederacy. The mulatto, and the many shades which succeed, and also the mixed white and Indian race, are much more common, the latter being in smaller proportion, however, than the former. The race partly partaking of the blood of the aborigines is not a despised one in America: whilst that inheriting, in the smallest appreciable degree, the blood of the African, is put universally under the ban of society. Unfortunately, even when colour ceases to designate the inheritor of negro blood, it leaves upon the features apparently ineradicable traces to betray it. Their antipathy is kept alive by the whites long after everything that may be considered repulsive in the negro has disappeared by successive infusions of white blood into his veins. Lovelier women than the quadroons, those removed in the fourth degree from the negro, are nowhere to be found. The exaggerations of the negro form are softened down in them into those graceful curves which give roundness and elegance to the shape; the woolly and crispy hair is superseded by

a luxuriant growth of long, straight, and silken tresses; the eye is black, large, round, liquid, and languishing, whilst the huge flat features of the negro are modified into a contour embodying rather a voluptuous expression. The complexion is beautiful, and well befitting the sunny south, a slight shade underlying the transparent skin, whilst on the cheek a bright carnation intervenes between the two. Despite all their charms, however, they are a proscribed race, living only to minister to the sensualities of those who will not elevate them to an equality with themselves. It is astonishing to witness the degree to which they are seemingly reconciled to their fate. From their infancy they learn that there is but one course of life before them, and as they reach maturer years they glide into it without either struggle or reluctance.

As a specimen of Mr. MACKAY's power of painting natural scenery, we extract his graphic description of

STORM ON THE POTOMAC.

The dome of the Capitol was already in sight, and we made all haste towards the town. We had scarcely reached Georgetown ere the wind came in fitful gusts from behind us, lifting up the dust, and scattering it, as it were, in huge handfuls in the air. By-and-by a dense black curtain of clouds rose over the tree-tops on the heights to our left, and advanced with rapid yet majestic movement towards the zenith. The broad estuary of the Potomac was before us, and it usually yellow surface assumed a dark brownish hue, in reflecting the now angry heavens. The lightning at first flickered faintly in the distance, but grew brighter and more frequent as the storm gained upon the sky. By this time the low mutterings of the distant thunder fell without interval upon our ears, as if the tempest were advancing to the sound of music. And now everything in nature seemed still as death — every leaf around us appeared to pant for the coming shower — the cattle stood in motionless groups in the neighbouring fields. We had passed Georgetown, and were hurrying as fast as possible to Washington. On came the teeming clouds, swept forward by the breeze which now set in steadily from the westward with a fury which betokened the near approach of the catastrophe. The heavens seemed now and then enveloped in a trellis-work of fire, and the thunder came in choruses from the bosom of the tempest. We had to make our way through whirlwinds of dust. But the flying sand was preferable to the coming deluge. My rooms were already in sight when the first monitory drops came down heavily, with a sort of greasy flop, into the hot dust, speckling it with dark spots each as large as a half-crown piece. There was no time to lose, for down they came thicker and thicker, and we took to our heels. It was as well that we did so; for we had scarcely gained shelter ere the storm descended in all its fury. Down came the rain, literally in streams, throwing the dust up like spray, until it had fairly saturated it, which less than a minute sufficed to do. Every now and then its downward progress was stopped, and it was carried almost horizontally along, and dashed in whirling eddies against wall and window by the fierce wind. The strongest trees bent before the blast which howled through their branches, as it stripped them of their green leaves and tossed them wildly in the air. All this time the vivid lightning was playing about on all hands with magnificent pyrotechnic effect, not falling in single flashes, but appearing literally to rain down, the tempest seemed to expend itself in a descending deluge of fire and water. The air, too, was, as it were, full of thunder, which sometimes crackled around us like the leaping flame which is devouring everything within its reach, then broke overhead with a crash as if a thousand ponderous beams were giving way, and then boomed slowly off into the distance, and died grumbling and muttering amid the watery clouds. The storm had not continued for more than a quarter of an hour ere the whole aspect of the town was changed. Many of the streets which before were laden with dust were now completely submerged. Pennsylvania-avenue lies low, and the streets which descend upon its northern side, poured their floods upon it as into a reservoir. Boats might now have sailed where, but some minutes before their keels would have been buried in the dust. My windows overlooked a broad street which descended into the avenue. It looked as if it had suddenly been converted into the bed of some mountain torrent; the water

dashing along in sufficient volume to carry off several large beams which were lying at a little distance, for building purposes, on the road. Little more than half an hour had elapsed ere the storm began to give way. The black pall, which had enveloped the heavens, seemed gradually to ascend into upper air, and in so doing became broken into fragments, which, as they slowly separated from each other, were illuminated in their outlines by the bright sunlight, which shone from above through their watery fringes. Piled in masses, one upon the other, the heavy clouds rolled away to the eastward, their dark bosoms still gleaming with fire, and belching forth thunder. The storm thus passed away with the majesty which had marked its approach, leaving the sun once more in undisputed possession of the sky. But the face of nature was greatly changed. It no longer looked languid and sickly; all was now cheerful and glad, and fresh-looking as the nymph from the fountain. The frogs croaked lustily from the neighbouring marshes, and the birds flew about on renovated wing, and sang merrily on the boughs. Vegetation resumed its vigour; the foliage on the trees looked doubly green; whilst from every shrub and plant the pendant rain-drops sparkled like so many diamonds. The air was pure and crisp; for the haze which before pervaded it seemed to have been literally washed out, and through its clear medium the Capitol shone, over the rich greenery which lay beneath it, like a mass of alabaster, surmounted by a dome of ebony. But the streets were in many places ploughed up by the torrents which had taken temporary possession of them; and the red clayey bank of the Potomac was torn into still deeper gullies. Not far from my residence, on a field of several acres in extent, flourished, before the storm, a crop of luxuriant wheat. Having a gentle declivity, the deluge passed over it with such effect as to tear both wheat and soil away, exposing a cadaverous surface of cold impulsive clay. Many of the cellars in Pennsylvania-avenue were flooded, and much valuable property was injured, if not destroyed.

We are gratified to find that literary men in America are admitted to the position to which, as the moulders and makers of opinion, they are entitled, but which hitherto they have not enjoyed in England.

It is but natural that a government which does so much for the promotion of education should seek to make an ally of literature. Literary men in America, like literary men in France, have the avenue of political preferment much more accessible to them than literary men in England. There is in this respect, however, this difference between France and America, that whilst in the former the literary man is simply left to push his way to place, in the latter he is very often sought for and dragged into it. In France he must combine the violent partisan with the *littérateur* ere he realises a position in connexion with his government. In America the *littérateur* is frequently converted into the politician without ever having been the mere partisan. It was thus that Paulding was placed by President Van Buren at the head of the navy department, that Washington Irving was sent as minister to Spain, and Stephens despatched on a political mission to Central America. It was chiefly on account of his literary qualities that Mr. Everett was sent as minister to London, and that Mr. Bancroft was also sent thither by the cabinet of Mr. Polk. Like Paulding, this last-mentioned gentleman was for some time at the head of a department in Washington previously to his undertaking the embassy to London. The historian exhibited administrative capacity as soon as he was called upon to exercise it; whilst in this country he has earned for himself the character of an accomplished diplomatist, a finished scholar, and a perfect gentleman. But Mr. Bancroft's future fame will not depend upon his proved aptitude for administration or diplomacy. As in Mr. Macaulay's case so with him, the historian will eclipse the politician.

Here, with great reluctance, we must part from our interesting and intelligent companion, commanding his work to every book-club and library. It is the best account of the United States that has been published since that by Miss MARTINEAU.

Adventures in the Libyan Desert and the Oäsis of Jupiter Ammon. By BOYLE ST. JOHN. London: Murray.

MR. ST. JOHN plunges at once into the heart of the desert. He wastes no pages in describing the preliminaries of the journey, the preparations, the starting, the route; he tells us only that, on the 15th Sept. 1847, he started from Alexandria, with six donkeys, two mules, and a pony, to carry tent, provisions, and pro-vender, and a guide, whom he thus describes:

OUR GUIDES.

Sheikh Yúnus Abú Shayen and his companion Saleh deserve to be delineated by a more skilful pen than mine. I do not pretend to do justice to their characters. The reader must appreciate them himself as the narrative proceeds. Yúnus had been a man of consequence in his tribe. His worldly possessions included forty camels, three hundred sheep, and I know not how many goats; he had stores of sesame and other grain; and sixty thousand piastres was the price of the ornaments of his women. But there had been a dark spot in the old Sheikh's life. A number of soldiers had taken up their quarters at his encampment. There had been a quarrel and a fight, or a murder. Three lives were lost in or near his tent. What part he took himself does not exactly appear. He says he was absent in Alexandria, that another man was guilty. The Pasha, however, formed a different opinion. Most of his property was seized; and he became a fugitive, hiding amidst rocks and caves. For eighteen months—such is his boast—he evaded the vigilance of "Mehemmed Basha's" myrmidons; until in fact another man was caught and hanged for the offence. Then he began to appear again in the world, to collect the scattered remnants of his fortune. But although the hunt after him had ceased, he never again ventured to enter Alexandria; and always lived in a mysterious sort of way in the neighbourhood of Abusfr, ready at the first alarm to decamp or creep into some of the caves or catacombs which there abound.

Travelling in the desert has been described so often, that it will not be necessary for us to transcribe Mr. ST. JOHN's lively picture of it, but we will pass on to that which has more of novelty.

He notes the materials of

DINNERS IN THE DESERT.

I must not forget to record that, as soon as we were settled, an inquiry was made about the famous watermelons, which turned out to be unripe and uneatable. The other productions of the place were "filif," what we call "pepper-pots," and excellent onions, of which last we procured a quantity at a price a little exceeding the Alexandrian. It has been stated that the Bedawin abhors vegetables; but this is a mistake. He can rarely procure them, but, when he does, relishes them exceedingly. The inhabitant of the desert is very much in the position of a mariner. His provisions must not be liable to spoil, and must go in a small compass. He is not by any means a carnivorous animal; but lives chiefly, so far as my experience goes, on milk, cheese, bread, and dates. The milk may be either that of the camel, the sheep, or the goat; the cheese is generally soft, white, and very salt, brought from Egypt; the bread seems to be most commonly of wheat, ground into coarse flour by the women at their hand-mills, and is unleavened. Sometimes they descend to *dhoura*, or maize. Whenever possible they dip their bread in oil, and almost always moisten it with water. The dates are eaten under a variety of forms; occasionally in tarts, with a thin, tough under-paste; but chiefly either mashed into a hard mass, with or without the stones, and frequently prepared with butter; or dry, as they are exported to Europe. Rice is sometimes seen in a Bedawin tent; but it requires too much cookery to be a staple article of food. If they have an opportunity, however, awful is the quantity they will demolish! The same observation, indeed, will apply to any food they can get without trouble or expense. As to meat, which they rarely indulge in, they absolutely gorge like boa-constrictors when it does come within their reach. But their flocks and herds are too valuable to be slaughtered, except on especial

occasions; and, being an eminently pastoral people, they find little resource in the chase. At Mudar some boys brought quails, which they had snared, to our tent-door for sale; they will pounce upon a field-hen like a cat on a sparrow; and they sometimes entrap gazelles. It is very rare, however, for them to use their guns; powder is too precious an article. On one occasion I broke the wing of a great falcon; an old Bedawin begged him of me, cut his throat with the Muslim formalities, devoured him, and pronounced him excellent. I never heard of their taking the trouble to fish.

This is the

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE DESERT.

Not a single four-footed animal except a gazelle and a hare was seen by us, either in going or returning, unless we count one or two small rats, a tortoise, a chameleon, and legions of lizards. Birds were in plenty—crows, quails, red-legged partridges, field-hens, water-wagtails, hoopoes, larks, sparrows, and wrens, besides some of which we did not know the names. Numerous pigeons appeared among these varied feathered citizens of the air in the valley that stretches from the salt lakes to Abusfr; where they were chased by keen little hawks and great soaring falcons and kites. White gulls now and then scudded the surface of the waves; and on our way back we saw numerous flocks of geese flying in their quaint array far up in the air, and screaming at the approach of a shower, or settling on the plain, where sportsman's gun, I imagine, seldom disturbs them. A few brown butterflies, immense numbers of grey lady-birds, some splendid death-head moths, either attracted notice by their associations or their beauty; whilst horse-flies, mosquitoes, common flies, and—must I mention them?—tykes, shaken off by the camels, frequently tormented us.

Here is another sketch of

DESERT SCENERY.

I had often heard and read descriptions of the Desert as a "sea of sand," but we now found ourselves in what might almost be called a "sea of stone," with, it is true, here and there at wide intervals, a patch of bushes, and the contorted form of the ligneous plant called *shia* dotting the ground. This plant exhales a strong odour something resembling rue, and is cultivated in pots at Alexandria on that account. In the Desert its more tender extremities serve as food for the gazelles, small troops of which were now and then seen browsing out of gun-shot. As we approached, they raised their heads and appeared to listen and watch, but the result of their examination was never, it seemed, encouraging, for oft they invariably went, cocking up their tails, at first gently trotting, but by degrees lengthening their steps, then bounding, scudding, flashing along, as it were, over the vast level, now huddling together, now spreading into a long irregular line, seeming at times to outstrip the sight, but coming again in view, flitting away swiftly like uncertain shadows, until at length they faded into nothing; as a prolonged echo, after quivering through the air, subsides into a faint murmur, and dies away in the distance. On one occasion a mother and its fawn lingered to nibble a green shrub, and our Bedawins began to manoeuvre to get a supply of fresh meat, one crouching down, and another advancing obliquely; but the cautious creature took the alarm and made away with her young charge in double quick time. I may here remark that the agreeable musk-like smell of the excrements of these animals is doubtless derived from the aromatic plants on which they feed.

All the bushes in this part of the Desert were covered with a white snail. I noticed several dozens on a plant not more than a foot high. The earth is thickly strewed with their shells, which have the peculiarity of a peak over the opening, divided from the rest of the shell by a ridge raised about the eighth of an inch. It is said that some of the inferior Bedawins, who are generally unburdened with the scruples of the civilized Muslim, eat these snails. The Egyptians make fun of them on this account, and quote similar facts to prove that they are an accursed race. They tell a story to the effect that two hungry Bedawins once found a cow that had died of disease, and, having been long without tasting flesh, made a hearty meal on the best parts. The period of digestion became the period of

doubt and repentance, and, going to a holy Marabout, they laid the case before him, expecting to get their consciences eased. "My sons," said the saint, "you have committed a great sin—." They would not allow him to proceed further, but exclaimed, "If it be a sin, we have eaten; and if it be not a sin, we have eaten. *Duffer fee synak!* (An ass's hoof in your eye!)" and went their way in high dudgeon.

At this encampment we were covered with an immense number of grey lady-birds; and on the way from Haldeh a few brown butterflies had fluttered across our path. A grey snake also, of the species common at Garah and Siwah, and reported to be extremely venomous, wriggled along the sand in the neighbourhood of a little extempore tent, which the Bedawins had rigged, with their guns for poles, their blankets for coverings, and our bags of beans and other traps to keep down the corners. This reptile, I believe, emerged from our provision basket, into which I was about to put my hand.

In the afternoon of this day I believe we reached the highest point of the great range of hills and series of table-lands, along which we had been travelling from Mudar. For a time we could catch a wider glimpse than before of the surrounding country; but the line of stone-heaps we had hitherto faithfully followed soon led us into a valley surrounded with precipices of calcareous formation. The sides generally descended sheer down, and along the base were scattered fragments that had gradually given way from above. On either side opened glens and passes, obstructed by mounds and hills, which sometimes wore the appearance of tents, at others of houses, at others of ruined forts. The cliffs were generally of a reddish hue, but intersected with long white bands. As we advanced, with the sun ahead, this valley assumed an extraordinary appearance. All the ground began sparkling, as if strewed with a profusion of precious stones; and I easily understood how such a sight might have suggested to an imaginative Arab the gorgeous idea of that Valley of Diamonds, where Sinbad once found himself pining to death amidst inestimable treasures. Here, as there, not a vestige of vegetation presented itself; but the ground was covered with innumerable fragments of talc, as well as pieces of oyster and other shells, that glittered and twinkled, and blazed with a silver light over a vast expense as they caught the sloping beams of the sun.

They reach at length the principal object of their journey—

THE GREAT OASIS.

At length we reached it, rising suddenly over some rounded hillocks, and finding ourselves on the edge of a steep cliff that descended like a wall at our feet. We had a good view of the desert island, to the shores of which we had so suddenly come. It is a level plain bounded apparently by precipices of various height falling sheer from the raised ground on every side. Several majestic palm woods stretch their heavy masses of sober foliage across; whilst numerous smaller groups or clusters of four or five trunks, or clumps in untrimmed savage luxuriance, are scattered over the whole surface. Sand-streaks here and there intervene, with a few salt pools, surrounded by a white efflorescence like driven snow, and small patches of verdure, and little glades. Three or four huge rocks rear their giant forms in a line nearly from west to east like the fragments of a great wall that might formerly have divided the Oasis in twain. On one of these to our right appeared the village of Garah, rising above the palm-trees, and bearing a striking resemblance at first sight to an old ruined castle of feudal times. The far off rocky amphitheatre that lifts high its craggy summits glittering in the sunshine, to look down upon this tranquil valley, and the intensely blue sky overhead, united to give beauty to the scene, and excite in our breasts, by the vivid contrast of barrenness and fertility, life and death, exerting their sway beneath the infinite emblem of immortal serenity, mingled emotions of wonder and delight.

I should not envy the feelings of one who, after traversing the frightful solitudes of the Libyan Desert, chequered only by a mockery of vegetation, could express a cold disappointment at beholding the Oasis of Garah. What more can be desired? There are trees and there are human habitations bursting on your sight in the heart of the wilderness; and though you cannot

see you can feel the presence of pleasant fountains of water. If you are a painter, endeavour to represent the softly pencilled outline of this simple yet admirable prospect—those frowning distant piles of craggy peaks, the irregular wall of white cliffs which nature has reared around the Oasis itself, those little nooks that retreat on either hand, the stately columnar trees which in every variety of group crowd at your feet, the bold masses of rock thrown here and there among them, the decrepid village on the hill, and above all the ineffably pure atmosphere that reveals or bestows the sharp brilliant clearness which every form, every line, every mass presents; and if you fail in conveying a true idea of this enchanting scene, confess that your skill as well as your imagination is at fault, and do not blame those who, perhaps, equally unable to fix those beauties upon canvas, made amends by painting all the Oases in one short simple phrase:—"The Islands of the Blessed!"

The following is the very remarkable

CAPITAL OF THE OASIS.

Siwah-el-Kebir, or Siwah the Great, as the capital of the Oasis is called, constitutes a most remarkable object in itself; but it is difficult to present an idea of it by words. From our tent it wore the appearance of an immense castellated building or citadel, with very lofty perpendicular walls flanked by buttresses or towers; and with houses appearing over the battlements, rising tier above tier to a point where a cluster of one or two small buildings crowns the whole, and may be thought to resemble a watch-tower or keep. A great number of dwelling-places are clustered round the base and spread on all sides; but these are only looked upon as suburbs. The construction of the town is peculiar; but though the objects of defence are well answered, they do not appear to have been chiefly considered in the plan which flowed from the singular character and manners of its inhabitants. The site originally chosen was the summit and sides of one of two pointed hills, or rather masses of rock, that rose direct out of the level plain. This hill seems to have been first covered with a mass of closely-packed houses, with narrow streets or lanes between. As the population increased, the irregular octagon was not spread far and wide around, but began to ascend aloft into the air—house upon house, street upon street, quarter upon quarter, until it became a beehive and not a town. The Siwah architects appear not to have seen that light was good: how a single ray can penetrate into any of the inner buildings it is difficult to understand. The outer ones have little square windows disposed triangularly. In most parts of the place the streets are covered over, as at Garah, and of course pitch-dark even by day, so that any one who is about to enter, as naturally takes his lantern as if he were sallying forth after gun-fire in an Egyptian city. It was amusing to see our Bedawins thus providing themselves, in the midst of some of the most brilliant days I have ever witnessed. On what system the passages of communication are arranged I cannot tell, as we were not permitted to ascertain: all I know from my own observation is, that house is leaned against house, and story raised above story, round the central rock, to a great elevation, and that the backs of the outer buildings, regularly corresponding, form a vast wall encompassing the city, of the height of more than a hundred feet. Several houses have been begun outside, and carried up to different points; these produce the effect of flanking towers; and with the nine entrances resembling very small postern-gates, ascended to by steps, help to give to Siwah the appearance of a fortified place, which indeed it may, to a certain extent, be considered. Near the northern extremity is the chimney-like minaret of a mosque, from which the Muezzin, at stated hours, not exactly those prescribed in the Muslim ritual, pokes out his head, like a London sweep, and calls the faithful to prayers. The wall is not quite regular, being in some places much lower than in others. There are open spaces in the town; and in one of them the Divan is held; but the greater part appears to be a mass of closely-packed houses, divided by corridors that probably wind spirally round the central rock.

The cause of this singular mode of building was, when the son of a family married, his father, according to immemorial custom, built him a house not in the suburbs, or by the side of his own, but on the top; every succeeding generation did the same, as though this barbarian people had determined to imitate

the Tower of Babel and climb the skies. They stopped short, however, within reasonable limits; the great grandson of a defunct constructive genius, perhaps, deeming it safer to occupy the lower rooms, left vacant by his forefathers, than to be thrust aloft into the air to the dizzy height which some have attained, and so the accumulative process at length ceased, after having carried the pinnacles of the place to a vast height. It is probable that successive generations push one another up and down as the stories become vacant, so that whilst, in one pile of buildings the chief of a long line is at the bottom, in another he is at the top!

You must know, moreover, that not among the Spartans was marriage held in higher honour than among the people of Siwah. Neither bachelor nor widower is allowed to dwell permanently within the walls, or to remain on a visit after sunset. As soon as the young men reach a certain age they are driven forth to build themselves dwellings in the suburbs; and when a wife dies, sentence of expulsion is forthwith passed on her disconsolate partner; for this reason it is that on every side numerous houses exist, but especially towards the north, where there is a regular quarter round the base of the second conical hill. The shape of this hill is curious; it is filled with excavations and catacombs, and rises in strata of diminishing extent until, at the top, a huge mass of stone appears, to a fanciful eye, in the form of a lion couchant.

And this is the

SCENERY OF THE OASIS.

It is difficult to convey an idea of the pleasure I experienced in viewing the prospect that developed itself on all sides around me. It could scarcely have possessed more elements of the beautiful. The verdure, the lakes, and the arid hills may be found elsewhere, and be deemed to afford contrasts sufficiently striking; but perhaps here alone are added in such close juxtaposition the glittering desert and the snowy fields of salt looking like vast glaciers just beginning to melt beneath that sultry clime.

In addition to this view, which may be obtained with little variety from almost any of the hills I have mentioned, many details of the scenery of the Oasis are extremely pleasing. I never wish to enjoy prettier walks than some of those we took during our stay. There is generally a garden-wall or a fence on either hand of the lanes, with pomegranate-trees bursting over it in redundant luxuriance, and hanging their rich, tempting purple fruit within reach of the hand, or the deep-green fig-tree, or the olive, or the vine. The spaces between these are not left idle, being carpeted with a copious growth of bersim and lucerne that loads the air with its fragrance, and is often chequered with spots of a green light that steals in through the branchy canopy above. Sometimes a tiny brook shoots its fleet waters along by the wayside, or lapses slowly with eddying surface, rustling gently between grassy banks or babbling over a pebbly bed. Here and there a rude bridge of palm-trunks is thrown across, but the glassy current frequently glides at will athwart the road. At one place there is a meadow; at another, a copse; but on all sides the date-trees fling up their columnar forms and wave aloft their leafy capitals. Occasionally a huge blue crane sails by on flagging wing to alight on the margin of some neighbouring pool; the hawk or the falcon soars or wheels far up in the air; the dove sinks fluttering on the bough; the quail starts up with its short, strong, whirring flight; and sparrows, with numerous other small predatory birds, go sweeping across the fields. Sometimes you may observe the hard-working black turning up huge clods with his mattock; asses are driven past laden with dried "aghoul;" files of camels move along in the distance on the borders of the desert. From some points the castellated capital is descried down a long vista, or the village of Gharmany rises aloft on its inaccessible rock, or the majestic fragment of the sanctuary of Ammon, which has so bravely stood the brunt of ages, may be seen still standing erect in the midst of its silent glade.

Mr. ST. JOHN's personal adventures must be sought in the volume which we have more favourably introduced to our readers by the above extracts, than we could have done by any amount of verbal praise.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A Tour in Sutherlandshire; with Extracts from the Field-books of a Sportsman and Naturalist.
By CHARLES ST. JOHN, Esq. Author of "Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands." In 2 vols. London: Murray. 1849.

For a long time we have not met with so pleasant a collection of the reminiscences of a tourist, who is at once a naturalist and a sportsman. A tour in Sutherlandshire is far more fresh and strange, and presents more of the attractions of novelty, than a tour in Egypt, or Syria, or even into the wilds of the New World. It is not necessary to go from our own island to find abundant themes for an observant traveller's pen; and we are really less informed about the county of Sutherland than about the kingdom of Greece. The mountain scenery rivals the Alps in all but magnitude. The lakes, the forests, the coast scenery, are only equalled by those of Norway. The natural history is as varied as in the latter, and far more abundant than in the former. Nor is the access to this wild country at all difficult. In thirteen hours the traveller from London reaches Edinburgh: thence he has a choice of routes and conveyances. Mr. St. John invented an original one for his own use, the idea being borrowed from the boat-photon of Norway. It was built thus: "A flat-bottomed boat, made of larch and mounted on wheels. It was constructed to ship and unship in half a minute. By simply unscrewing two bolts it could be taken off its wheels and launched into the water. Being on springs, it made a very easy carriage, and was large enough to hold four persons with plenty of space for luggage." The advantages of such an accommodating conveyance were, that it served alike for land and water. When the travellers came to a lake, they took off the wheels, and putting them into the carriage, explored the scenery from the water. On the other side the wheels again took their proper places, and the party proceeded along the road. Thus they saw everything that was worth seeing; observed the manners of the inhabitants of the lakes as well as of the woods, and pursued every form of sport, which Mr. St. John describes with peculiar spirit and graphic power, and yet without any affectation of fine writing, or any pretension to the mechanical skill of the *literary* man.

The Journal of Natural History which forms a part of the volumes is a valuable record of the author's observations of the habits of animals, which he has picked up during his excursions in Scotland, and to which are appended some essays on field sports, mingled with anecdotes and adventures, the whole forming a most agreeable miscellany, which every book-club should procure at once, and which might be ordered even by the circulating libraries that ever extend their collection beyond the region of novels.

It is especially a work whose merits will be best exhibited by extracts, and of these, therefore, we will now present a selection, but they will be a few only of the numerous passages we had marked on perusal.

As specimens of his observant eye read this description of

WATER FOWL.

No birds seem to enjoy life more than water-fowl; floating without exertion in perfect security in the midst of a calm lake, or riding, as buoyant as a cork, on the waves of the sea.

When looking at wild fowl on the water, it is gene-

rally easy to distinguish what kind they are, even from a great distance. Scarcely any two species swim or float in the same manner and at the same elevation above the surface of the water. Coots and sea-gulls float like bladders, with scarcely any of their body immersed; so much so that it is almost impossible to mistake one of the former at any distance at which a bird can be distinguished. The divers, such as the cormorant, the black-throated diver, and others of the same kind, swim very flat in the water, showing scarcely any part except the top of their back, and their head and neck, which all these birds carry straight and erect, seldom or never bending and arching their throat like ducks or geese. In consequence of their swimming so low in the water, it is difficult to kill any of these diving birds, unless you can get at them from a rock or height above them. Widgeons swim rather flat and low in the water. Mallards and teal keep more of their bodies above it, and are in consequence easier to kill while swimming.

And this of

A SUMMER NIGHT IN THE HIGHLANDS.

The nights at this season are most enjoyable; in fact, there is no darkness. I went out of the inn at midnight and was much amused at hearing the different cries of the birds. Close to the door is a small enclosed clump of larch, where the grass and weeds are very high and rank. In this little patch it seems that a sedge warbler had made her nest. All day long had the male bird been singing to his mate, and now at midnight, and was still uttering unceasingly his merry note: I never met with so indefatigable a songster; night or day he seemed never to weary. Towards the loch a constant tumult was kept up amongst the waders and water-fowl. High in the air was heard the common snipe, earning his Gaelic name of "air goat" by his incessant bleating cry; while redshanks, curlews, golden plovers, and pee-wits, all seemed to be as lively as if it had been noon as well as midnight; occasionally, too, both widgeon and teal were heard to whistle each after its own peculiar fashion; and the quack of the common mallard was also constant. Now and then a note expressive of alarm was uttered by some bird, and immediately a dead silence was kept by the whole community for a few moments; but this was soon succeeded by greater noise than ever, particularly amongst the pee-wits, which seemed by their cries to be darting about the head of some intruder or enemy. Probably on these occasions a fox, wild cat, or owl had made his appearance amongst them in search of tender food for his own young ravening brood. Though I had to rise very early, I betook myself to bed with great regret, and left the window open, in order to hear the serenade of the sedge warbler to the last moment of being awake.

How much profit does he find in

A ROW ON A SCOTCH LAKE.

Having run our boat into a small sandy creek, we landed. Here, as everywhere round the coast, is a fishing station of Mr. Hogarth's, if a hut, the summer residence of two forlorn fishermen, can be called a fishing station. We borrowed another coil of ropes from these men, and proceeded to the northern side of the island, where the perpendicular rocks form the breeding places of the sea-fowl. The distance across the island I should reckon at nearly two miles, and it is a continued slope of green pasture. I passed several huts, the former inhabitants of which had all left the place a few weeks before; and, notwithstanding the shortness of the time, the turf walls were already tenanted and completely honeycombed by countless starlings, who seemed not the least sly, but on the contrary kept their ground, and chattered away as if they looked on me as an intruder on what they had already established their right to. Leaving them in undisturbed possession, I continued my way on to the north side, and in due time arrived on the summit of the cliffs which stretch the whole length of the island; and there was a sight which would alone repay many a weary mile of travel. Every crevice and every ledge of the rock were literally full of guillemots and razor-bills, while hundreds of puffins came out of their holes under the stones near the summit of the cliffs to examine and wonder at us. The guillemots stood in long lines along the shelves of the rocks, frequently within a few feet of the top whence we were looking at them. With a kind of foolish expression these birds looked at us, but did not take the trouble to move. The razor-bills, though equally tame,

seemed more ready to take flight, if we had been inclined to assail them. When I fired off my gun, not at, but over, the birds, the guillemots only ducked their heads, and then looked up at us; whereas most of the razor-bills took a short flight out to sea, but quickly returned again to their perch on the rocks. Being provided with plenty of rope, two stout boatmen, and also a slender-looking lad, who had volunteered to accompany us, having the repute of a good cragsman, we lowered the latter over the top in order to procure a few eggs. I was amazed at the confidence and ease with which the lad made his way from shelf to shelf, and crevice to crevice of the precipices. From habit and custom he seemed to be as much at his ease as if he had been on fair terra firma. As for the birds, they would scarcely move, but just stepped out of reach, creaking at him with their peculiar note. Each bird has a single egg of a size so large as to appear quite disproportioned. The eggs are of all colours, and marked in a thousand fantastic manners, sometimes with large blotches of deep brown or black, sometimes speckled slightly all over, and others having exactly the appearance of being covered with Arabic characters. The prevailing groundwork of the eggs is greenish blue, but they vary in different shades from that colour to nearly white. The egg is placed on the bare rock, with no attempt at a nest; and it was very amusing to see the careful but awkward-looking manner in which the old bird on her return from the sea got astride, as it were, of her egg, spreading her wings over it, and creaking gently all the time. Occasionally an egg would get knocked off by some bird in taking flight from the rock, to the great indignation of its owner.

Now for one of his adventures.

PTARMIGAN SHOOTING.

Before daylight I was up, and making my toilet by the light of a splinter of bog fire. The operation did not take long, nor did it extend beyond the most simple and necessary acts. The "guine wife" had prepared me rather an elaborate breakfast of porridge, tea, and certain undeniably good barley and oat cakes, flanked by the remains of my supper, eggs, &c. As Donald seemed not to like the expedition, I left him at the hut, with strict injunctions to procure enough black game or grouse to form our supper and next day's breakfast. The shepherd took down a single-barrel gun of prodigious length and calibre, tied together here and there with pieces of string; and having twisted his plaid round him and lit his pipe, was ready to accompany me. So, having put up some luncheon in case we were out late, we started. The sun was not up as we crossed the river on the stepping-stones which the shepherd had placed for that purpose, but very soon the mountain tops were gilded by its rays, and before long it was shining brightly up our backs as we toiled up the steep hill-side. My companion, who knew exactly which was the easiest line to take, led the way; deeply covered with snow as the ground was, I should without his guidance have found it impossible to make my way up to the heights to which we were bound. "I'm no just liking the look of the day either, Sir," was his remark, "but still I think it will hold up till near night; we should be in a bonny pass if it came on to drift while we were up, yonder."—"A bonny pass, indeed!" was my inward ejaculation. However, depending on his skill in the weather, and not expecting myself that any change would take place till nightfall, although an ominous-looking cloud concealed the upper part of the mountain, I went on with all confidence. Our object was to reach a certain shoulder of the hill, not far from the summit, from which the snow had drifted when it first fell, leaving a tolerably-sized tract of bare stones, where we expected to find the ptarmigan basking in the bright winter sun. It was certainly hard work and we felt little of the cold, as we laboured up the steep hill. Perseverance meets with its reward; and we did at last reach the desired spot, and almost immediately found a considerable pack of ptarmigan, of which we managed to kill four brace before they finally took their flight round a distant shoulder of the hill, where it was impossible to follow them. An eagle dashed down at the flock of birds as they were going out of our sight, but, as we saw him rise upwards again empty-handed, he must have missed his aim. By this time it was near mid-day, and the clouds were gathering on the mountain-top, and gradually approaching us. We had taken little note of the weather during our pursuit of the birds, but

it was now forced on our attention by a keen blast of wind which suddenly swept along the shoulder of the mountain, here and there lifting up the dry snow in clouds. "We must make our way homewards at once," said I.—"Deed, ay! it will no be a canny night," was the shepherd's answer. Just as we were leaving the bare stones a brace of ptarmigan rose, one of which I knocked down: the bird fell on a part of the snow which sloped downwards towards a nearly perpendicular cliff of great height: the slope of the snow was not very great, so I ran to secure the bird, which was fluttering towards the precipice: the shepherd was some little distance behind me, lighting his everlasting pipe; but when he saw me in pursuit of the ptarmigan he shouted at me to stop: not exactly understanding him, I still ran after the bird, when suddenly I found the snow giving way with me, and sliding "en masse" towards the precipice. There was no time to hesitate, so, springing back with a power that only the emergency of the case could have given me, I struggled upwards again towards my companion. How I managed to escape I cannot tell, but in less time than it takes to write the words, I had retraced my steps several yards, making use of my gun as a stick to keep myself from sliding back again towards the edge of the cliff. The shepherd was too much alarmed to move, but stood for a moment speechless; then recollecting himself he rushed forward to help me, holding out his long gun for me to take hold of. For my own part, I had no time to be afraid, and in a few moments was on terra firma, while a vast mass of snow which I had set in motion rolled like an avalanche over the precipice, carrying with it the unfortunate ptarmigan. I cannot describe my sensations on seeing the danger which I had so narrowly escaped: however, no time was to be lost, and we descended the mountain at a far quicker rate than we had gone up it. The wind rose rapidly, moaning mournfully through the passes of the mountain, and frequently carrying with it dense showers of snow. The thickest of these showers however, fell above where we were, and the wind still came from behind us, though gradually veering round in a manner which plainly showed us that it would be right a-head before we reached home. Every moment brought us lower, and we went merrily on, though with certain anxious glances occasionally to windward. Nor was our alarm unfounded, for just as we turned an angle of the mountain, which brought us within view of the shepherd's house perched on the opposite hill-side, with a good hour's walk and the river between us and it, we were met by a blast of wind and a shower of snow, half drifting and half falling from the clouds, which took away our breath and nearly blew us both backwards, shutting out the view of everything ten yards from our faces. We stopped and looked at each other. "This is geyan sharp," said the shepherd, "but we mustn't lose a moment's time, or we shall be smothered in the drift; so come on, Sir;" and on we went. Bad as it was, we did not dare to stop for its abating, and having fortunately seen the cottage for a moment, we knew that our course for the present lay straight down the mountain. After struggling on for some time we came to a part of the ground which rather puzzled us, as instead of being a steep slope it was perfectly flat; a break, however, in the storm allowed us to see for a moment some of the birch trees on the opposite side of the river, which we judged were not far from our destination. The river itself we could not see, but the glimpse we had caught of the trees guided us for another start, and we went onwards as rapidly as we could until the storm again closed round us, with such violence that we could scarcely stand upright against it. We began now at times to hear the river, and we made straight for the sound, knowing that it must be crossed before we could reach home, and hoping to recognize some bend or rock in it which would guide us on our way. At last we came to the flat valley through which the stream ran, but here the drift was tremendous, and it was with the utmost difficulty that we got to the water's edge. When there, we were fairly puzzled by the changed aspect of everything; but suddenly the evening became lighter and the drifting snow not quite so dense. We saw that we should soon be able to ascertain where we were, so we halted for a minute or two, stamping about to keep ourselves from freezing. My poor dog immediately crouched at our feet, and curling himself up laid down; in a few moments he was nearly covered with the snow;

but the storm was evidently ceasing, at any rate for a short time, and very soon a small bit of blue sky appeared overhead, but in a moment it was again concealed by the flying shower. The next time, however, that the blue sky appeared, it was for a longer period, and the snow entirely ceased, allowing us to see our exact position; indeed we were very nearly opposite the house, and within half a mile of it. The river had to be crossed, and it was impossible to find the stepping-stones: but no time was to be lost, as a fresh drift began to appear to windward; so in we went, and dashed through the stream, which was not much above knee-deep, excepting in certain spots, which we contrived to avoid. The poor dog was most unwilling at first to rise from his resting-place, but followed us well when once up. We soon made our way to the house, and got there just as another storm came on, which lasted till after dark, and through which, in our tired state, we never could have made our way. Donald and the shepherd's family were in a state of great anxiety about us, knowing that there would have been no possible means of affording us assistance, had we been bewildered or wearied out upon the mountain. The shepherd himself was fairly knocked up, and could scarcely be prevailed upon to take either food or drink, or even to put off his frozen clothes, before flinging himself on his bed. For my own part I soon became as comfortable as possible, and slept as soundly and dreamlessly as such exercise only can give. I must candidly confess, however, that I made an inward vow against ptarmigan shooting again upon snow-covered mountains.

Of practical use to some readers may be these hints on the

MANAGEMENT OF WATER DOGS.

Nothing is so ill-judged and useless as sending a dog into the water without good reason for it; doing so is always taking something more or less from his strength and injuring his constitution. When standing waiting for ducks in cold weather, the poor animal has no means of drying or warming himself, and lies shivering at your feet, and laying up the foundation of rheumatism and other maladies.

A dog who has much water-work to do should always be kept in good condition, and if possible even fat. It is a mistake to suppose that allowing him to come into the house and warm himself before the fire makes him less hardy: on the contrary, I consider that getting warm and comfortable before the kitchen-fire on coming home gives the retriever a better chance of keeping up his strength, health, and energy when much exposed to cold and wet during the day; a far better chance, indeed, than if, on returning, he is put into a cold kennel, where, however well supplied with straw, hours must elapse before he is thoroughly warm and dry. Most rough dogs stand cold well enough as long as they are tolerably dry, but frequent wetting is certain to cause disease and rheumatism. I am sure too, with regard to water-dogs, that a good covering of fat is a far more efficacious means of keeping them warm than the roughest coat of hair that dog ever wore. In wild animals, such as otters, seals, &c., which are much exposed to wet in cold countries, we always find that their chief defence against the cold consists in a thick coating of fat, and that their hair is short and close. In like manner, dogs who are in good condition can better sustain the intense cold of the water than those whose only defence consists in a shaggy hide. Short-coated dogs are also the most active and powerful swimmers, and get dry sooner than those who are too rough coated.

The following is curious.

HOW FISH CHANGE COLOUR.

The change of colour in fish is very remarkable, and takes place with great rapidity. Put a living black burn trout into a white basin of water and it becomes within half an hour, of a light colour. Keep the fish living in a white jar for some days, and it becomes absolutely white; but put it into a dark-coloured or black vessel, and although on first being placed there the white-coloured fish shows most conspicuously on the black ground, in a quarter of an hour it becomes as dark-coloured as the bottom of the jar, and consequently difficult to be seen. No doubt, this facility of adapting its colour to the bottom of the water in which it lives,

is of the greatest service to the fish in protecting it from its numerous enemies. All anglers must have observed that in every stream the trout are of very much the same colour as the gravel or sand on which they live: whether this change of colour is a voluntary or involuntary act on the part of the fish, I leave it for the scientific to determine.

Who will not share the excitement with which he made his first discovery of

THE OSPREY'S NEST.

The way to it was far too rocky and steep to take the boat, so we only took my swimming-belt, as Dunbar offered to swim out to the nest, if not too far from the shore. We had a very rough walk of the longest two miles that I ever met with. Our route was over a continuous range of rocky ground—so broken that we seldom found a flat place to put our feet on. We did not find the right lake immediately, but at last saw from a height a larger piece of water than any we had hitherto passed, and at some two hundred yards from the shore there was the conical-shaped rock, which the osprey always seems to choose for her nesting place. On examining the rock with the glass we immediately saw the nest, and the white head of the bird in the middle of it. Our troubles were instantly forgotten, and although rather fagged before, we made our way over the rocks with new-found vigour. The unwillingness of the old bird to leave the nest showed that she had young ones. While Dunbar prepared to take the water, I went round to watch for a shot at the old bird. I presently saw nothing but my fellow traveller's head as he swam gallantly out to the rock: the old osprey flew in wide circles round and round, at a considerable height, screaming loudly at the unexpected intrusion on her domain; sometimes she swooped half-way down to the water, but still cautiously keeping at a safe distance. Before many minutes had elapsed we saw the male bird sailing high in the air, straight to the loch; on hearing the cries of his mate he seemed to quicken his flight, and soon joined her, carrying a trout in his talons. The two birds then sailed round and round the water with loud cries. When they saw Dunbar perched on their hitherto unassailed rock, and looking like a statue on a pedestal, their excitement became greater and greater; the male dropped his trout, and they both dashed wildly to and fro, sometimes at a great height and sometimes taking a rapid circuit of the lake, within half a gunshot of the water. The next thing I saw was my adventurous companion striking out for the shore, with his young bird in his teeth. In the nest he found a half-grown young bird and an unhatched egg, both of which he brought safely to land.

It will be worth while to bear in mind the hints of so experienced an adviser on

THE CHOICE OF A RIFLE.

Good single-barrelled rifles can easily be procured; but to get a trustworth double-rifle the sportsman must go to one of the first-rate gunmakers, and pay a first-rate price. By altering the sights of a single-barrelled rifle, any person, knowing the commonest elements of shooting, can make it carry correctly a hundred yards or more; but a double-rifle, if the axes of the two barrels are not exactly parallel, can only be adjusted by taking it to pieces again and again, until the barrels shall lie so evenly together that at a hundred yards the two balls strike within an inch of each other. As it is almost impossible for the most skilful gunsmith to join the two barrels together so correctly at first as to attain this result, he has to try them repeatedly, taking his work to pieces again and again, until he is quite satisfied with his performance. All this must of course add to the expense; but it is money well expended, if, after all, a double-barrelled rifle does shoot perfectly true.

We conclude with Mr. ST. JOHN's testimony to

THE FEARLESSNESS OF THE HAWK.

An eagle, although he may have been trained for a long time and with great care for the purpose of hunting, is just as likely to swoop at and kill his master's dogs, or even to attack man himself, as to fly at any game. In this he differs from the falcons, that is those of the hawk tribe, who are called "noble falcons" in contradistinction to those termed "ignoble." The Iceland, the Greenland, the peregrine, and the merlin also, are all

"noble falcons." The lanner, formerly in high repute for the chase, is now so seldom seen in this country, either alive or dead, that little is known as to his merits; but the other noble hawks whom I have enumerated are all of a most kindly and tractable disposition, and possess that great courage which gives them the full confidence in man which is necessary for their education. These birds have also great aptitude to receive instruction; their habits are social, and before they have been long in confinement they become perfectly contented with their lot. When out in the field, a trained hawk is in no way flurried or alarmed by the movement of men or dogs, but sits looking, when unhooded, with calm confidence on all that is going on around him; and although his fine dark eye evinces neither fear nor disquietude, not the smallest bird can pass without his immediately descrying it, and intently watching it until it is lost in the distance—and great must that distance be which conceals any bird from the falcon's eye. I have often fired my gun off at a bird with a hooded hawk sitting on one arm, without his evincing the least fear or uneasiness; as great a proof of his courage as need be required. In fact, a hawk, like a dog, soon learns to look upon her master as her best friend.

Transactions of the Tyneside Naturalist's Field Club: Parts 1 to 4. London: Edwards and Hughes.

Why should not every country town have its Naturalist's Field Club? Would it not be more pleasant, and much more profitable, than a smoking club, a drinking club, a bowling club, or even a cricket club? It would combine exercise with study, the pursuit of health with the pursuit of knowledge. The members meet in the fields and woods; the fruits of their researches are collected and preserved, and add not only to their own information but the store of the world's knowledge. Every locality has its own curiosities and rarities; its own special antiquities, its own birds, and insects, and flowers; and of all there is yet a great deal to be learned by observation of them in their various habitations. A periodical pamphlet, printed at small cost, serves to diffuse the facts thus ascertained, and stimulates to further inquiry, and thus the contributions of a Field Club even in a country village, may serve materially to advance the progress of science.

So it has been with the Tyneside Society, and we hope their example will stimulate others to follow it. The parts of their journal which have already appeared record a great deal that is curious and novel, and the interest of which extends far beyond the immediate neighbourhood. They contain catalogues of the insects, the mollusca, the fossils, for and in the counties of Durham and Northumberland; inquiries into the destruction of corn and timber by insects; anecdotes of birds; the origins of local names of places; and extremely interesting reports of the meetings of the club, which numbered eighty members in the first year, and no less than 100 in the second. Two or three passages of general interest will show what is the style of the contributions to its journal.

ANECDOTES OF BIRDS.

I will conclude by mentioning a circumstance of the habits of the Tawny Owl, *Strix Stridula*, which I mentioned to some of our ornithologists at the Ovingham meeting. That bird does not seem to be known as a bold and rapacious robber of the nests of some of our stronger birds at the time when it is feeding its own young. It has been protected now for a few years at Dunston Hill. In 1844 a pair of Tawny Owls reared and ushered into the world three hopeful young, after having fed them assiduously upon the trees for many weeks after they had left the nest. The food must often have consisted in great part of worms, snails, and slugs, for the old birds brought it every minute from the

ground in the immediate vicinity of the trees where the young were perched. This, however, might only be considered as a whet to their appetites before dinner; for the parents made repeated and persevering attacks upon three or four magpie nests, sometimes during half an hour at a time. As the defence was spirited and gallant, they were often repulsed; but, finally, I found the remains of young magpies under the favourite perch of the young owls, and one morning the bloody head and feathers of an old magpie, conspicuous from its size and the want of any cerous skin about the beak. This, then, I thought, must have been taken when roosting. In 1845 the old owls alone were seen, and they passed the summer in sedate retirement, and seemed to rest from the labours of propagation; neither did they molest the magpies. But in 1846 they began to be very active early in the spring, and by the beginning of May again had their young owlets out upon the branches. Walking out about nine o'clock one evening, I heard a pertinacious attack going on against a pair of magpies that had their nest in the top of a very tall sycamore. At last, instead of the frantic chattering of the poor magpies, one of them began to shriek in agony like a hare when caught in a noose; and it was evident the owl was endeavouring to drag it out—the mother bird—by the head from the entrance of the nest. I ran down to the nest to prevent the perpetration of such murder, and arrived in time to separate the combatants by striking against the stem of the tree with a stick. Before the next morning the young of our only pair of rooks had disappeared from the nest, in a situation where nothing but the owls could have injured them. This was too bad; a decree went forth against the young owls, and they paid the penalty of their voracious appetites.

It is thus evident that the magpie's instinct in arching over her nest is necessary to enable her and her mate to defend it against rapacious birds. Probably the raven, the buzzard, and the kite, may be all disposed to make unfriendly visits, wherever their race has not been exterminated by pitiless gamekeepers. But it is evident that the tawny owl is a formidable enemy. The reluctance of the rook to build out of society may also be better understood, as it cannot defend its open nest against the owl at night; and also one reason why the instinct of the daw leads it always to seek the shelter of a hole, although, as Mr. Waterton remarks, it appears to be as hardy a bird as the rook. That wisdom and beneficence which never err may have given them instincts for other and more important ends than human eyes may ever be able to descry, but it is always gratifying when we think we can in part understand the utility and design of differences so striking.

The following was the manner of these delightful

NATURALISTS' FIELD SPORTS.

Some proceeded to seek for shells, &c.—others for insects or plants, as might be their particular pursuit. The principal circumstances which occurred, and which might be considered of more than common interest, were first, that the party which kept on the banks saw a locust fly past them, which, however, they did not succeed in taking. This insect appears in this country at considerable intervals; it is about twenty years since any were seen in this district; at least if they have been seen, there is no record to that effect. This year, however, they have been seen and captured in considerable numbers, especially in the district in which the one alluded to above was observed. The second circumstance worthy of particular notice was, that some of the party who had gone to seek for sea-shells, &c., caught a crab in the very act of putting off his coat. It is well known that all animals of the class to which the crab belongs, cast their shells once a year, but there are few instances recorded of the operation having been actually seen taking place. The parties who saw the process describe it as being very like what a person does when he is wriggling himself out of a coat that is a little too tight for him. Most of the party proceeded northward to Marsden, examining as they progressed the peculiar geological features of the magnesian limestone, here worn into picturesque arches, lofty pillars, or, by the never-ceasing action of the ocean, worn into deep and extensive caverns, there cut into towering cliffs, or

sometimes crumbling away before the power of the waves, forming heaps of larger or smaller blocks at the base of the main mass of which they once formed a portion.

An Essay on the Credibility of the existence of the Kraken, Sea Serpent, and other Sea Monsters. With Illustrations. London: William Tegg & Co. 1849.

THE same year which saw LOUIS PHILIPPE a fugitive—the Pope dethroned—and Europe trembling beneath the electric shock of the revolutionary spirit,—the same year which has well nigh realized the romance of El Dorado, has also revived the story of the wondrous sea serpent.

From age to age appearances have been seen by the astonished mariner, and recorded as facts, which have drawn largely on the credulity of mankind. Without entering on the *quaestio vexata*, we proceed to our task of reviewing the essay before us, which possesses considerable interest apart from the main subject. The analogical mode of reasoning which the author has adopted brings before the reader a number of curious facts in nature, which of themselves would make the pamphlet well worth perusal. Speaking of the illusory appearances at sea, and also of the difficulties which have been found in settling the question of doubtful rocks, the author instances Aitkin's rock, which has long baffled the researches of the scientific navigator. This, he thinks, tends to support the argument, that though the existence of sea monsters has not been clearly proved, that there *may be* such creatures in the vast and unfathomable depths of the ocean. Reasoning, too, from the extraordinary diminutiveness of animalculæ, our author says,

Unable as we are to affix a limit to that tenuity of form which may be compatible with animalculæ existence, neither are we qualified to assign boundaries to size in the opposite direction. Some of the ancient philosophers held that the earth itself was the first of animated beings, not only having life in itself, but the higher attributes of consciousness and soul. It is needless to discuss the merits of that belief, but there is no violation of philosophical probability in imagining some form of animal life, whose magnitude should exceed that of a whale by only a thousandth part of the proportion which the whale bears to one of the beings brought within the scope of our vision by the instrumentality of the solar microscope. Could we calculate the immensity of such a creature we should find it one to which the most exaggerated kraken were a babe.

Among the many instances given of these monsters of the deep having been seen, the author reminds us

That Livy speaks of a huge serpentiform monster, 120 feet long, which stopped the whole army of Regulus on the banks of an African river, until killed by the military engines. Pliny, confirming the story, declares that its skin and jaws remained in the Capitol till the Numantine war, a period of 120 or 130 years. He also relates that a python was exhibited in Rome, in the days of Claudius, 50 cubits long. Now a sea serpent, if ever authenticated and measured, will be found probably not to exceed those dimensions.

The author of this essay has carefully collected all trustworthy accounts, both ancient and modern, of the existence of the serpent, which, joined to a variety of curious information, has made the discussion something better than a mere philosophical joke.

History of the Mammalia. In 6 vols. London: C. Cox.

THESE are the latest additions to KNIGHT's monthly volumes, and will probably prove the most attractive of the series. The descriptions of the various animals are

very full and complete, abounding in anecdotes and such accounts of their habits, characters, and physiology, as the non-scientific reader can understand and enjoy. Hence it is a book for the school library and the family circle, and the profusion of beautiful wood-cuts with which it is embellished adds greatly, not only to its attractions, but to its value for the purpose of instruction. Its cheapness is wonderful.

FICTION.

Lofoden; or the Exiles of Norway. By E.W. LANDOR. Author of "The Bushman." In 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1849.

We had occasion to remark, in the last CRITIC, in a review of a fiction of the same class as this one, the usually unsatisfactory character of novels which are made the *media* for topography, and how much in all such cases we should prefer the traveller's plain description of strange places and persons, presented avowedly as a narrative of what he has seen and heard, to an endeavour, rarely successful, to give a factitious interest to the locality, by peopling it with imaginary beings and making it the scene of a romance. The fact is, that the double purpose cannot well be accomplished by the same pen. Either the story is overlaid with descriptions, or the fidelity of the descriptions is sacrificed to the demands of the novel. Fact and fancy are so commingled that the reader never feels quite assured which it is that he is perusing; he does not place implicit faith in any part, and he is not permitted wholly to abandon himself to the charm of an acknowledged fiction. The author's perplexity extends itself to him, and the result is usually unsatisfactory, whatever the ability that has been bestowed upon the performance.

But *Lofoden* is less obnoxious to this objection than any work of the same class which has come before us during the six years that we have been recording in THE CRITIC the progress of publication. We should certainly have preferred to have received from so graphic a narrator as Mr. LANDOR a simple journal of his travels in Norway; but we are bound to say, that without too much of the tourist's descriptions to detract from the interest of the novelist's creations, he has woven a story of considerable ingenuity, which wins and maintains the attention, and which is well contrived for the purpose of enabling him to introduce that which was the main object of the work, a picture of Norway, its people, their manners, and their superstitions. We believe that he would have been more successful if he had confined himself either to romance or to topography, but as a combination of these objects, we have seldom seen a more readable book.

The story is that of LOFODEN, a Pole, who has fled from the vengeance of the Emperor of Russia to Sweden, has been pursued thither by the emissaries of the autocrat, and by their influence compelled to seek an asylum in Norway, where he at length was seized and condemned to work in the silver mines. His life in this exile forms the descriptive portion of the book. In the mines he makes acquaintance with a noble Swede, who with his son had been banished thither for disloyalty. Above ground, he falls in with a band of Scotch emigrants, who, with their worthy pastor and his family, vary the incidents and characters of the tale. The adventures in his endeavours to escape are very exciting, and told with uncommon spirit. Mr. LANDOR, indeed, has a manifest love for the marvellous, and, as in

The Bushman, his pictures of wild scenery and romantic situations are full of colour and striking effects. These scenes also have the charm of novelty—for less is known about Norway than any other country in Europe, and altogether, although not what it might have been, *Lofoden* will repay perusal.

Two passages will suffice to exhibit his graphic powers.

THE MAELSTROM.

As the morning mist rolled back into the distance, several small islands were perceived far ahead. And now the breeze, which had been long flagging, lulled into a calm; and soon a low continual humming, like that of an army of bees, which seemed to rise out of the stilled ocean, became audible to every ear.

The mate, who was giving orders for the erection of a jury-mast, paused as he caught the sound, and bent forward his head in an attitude of strained attention. The boatswain stood still, with one hand half up-raised, while his rugged features grew darker with dismay. Not a word was spoken; every one held his breath, whilst he listened with an intensity of eagerness that betokened the awe which was fast filling his heart. The sailors looked on one another, and then on the forlorn and helpless state of their ship; and a flash of wildness seemed to run from face to face.

"My God!" at length cried the old boatswain, at the same time making two strides towards the spot where stood Mr. Braceyard, "it is the Moskoestrom."

The charm was broken. "The Moskoestrom! the Moskoestrom!" cried Ellinor and Grace.

"The Moskoestrom!" echoed all the crew.

"Away, men!" shouted Braceyard, in a voice like a thunderclap; "down to the hold! Bring up the spare sails, clear the deck, set up a spar for a mast—away!"

Away jumped the men in every direction: some fetched the sail, some prepared to rig the spar; and the carpenter laboured more strenuously than he had ever laboured before, to prepare a hole in the deck to receive it.

The din of preparation drowned the stern hum of the distant whirlpool, and an hour passed away before the apparent confusion on deck once more died into silence. There was an anxious pause when the new sail fell from the yard-arm, and waded the light breeze to dally with its snowy folds; even the experienced sailors suffered themselves to be cheated into the hope that there was wind enough to make the good ship answer to her helm. But, alas! the broad canvas drooped heavily to the deck, and not a breath of air ruffled the dull surface of the sullen waters. They had not another hope; both the boats had been washed overboard during the gale. The sailors looked on one another in blank dismay. And now they could hear with terrible distinctness the roar of the awful Moskoestrom.

The vessel was now within the influence of the whirlpool, and glided along to her destiny. Some of the sailors lay rolling upon the deck, gasping with despair; some ran raging about in delirious fear, begging and entreating their comrades to assist them in destroying themselves; and one, wholly unable to bear this extended death, went raving mad. This unhappy wretch jumped overboard, and was immediately followed by two of his companions, eager to meet the death they had not courage to await. Their example would perhaps have been imitated by others had they not been deterred by witnessing the struggles of these devotees to prolong the life they had seemed so anxious to terminate. They strove wildly to reach again the ship they had forsaken, and called to their comrades in piercing accents of despair to throw them a rope or a plank; and prayed them, by Him into whose presence they were summoned, to render assistance and have pity. They were listened to with horror; but no effort was made to aid them, and one after another they sank.

And now there arose at some distance ahead of the vessel a horrible and dismal bellowing, or howling, as of some Leviathan in his agony; and when those on deck who still had ears for exterior sounds looked forward to ascertain its cause, they beheld a huge black monster upon the surface of the sea, struggling against the irresistible stream, and with his immense tail lashing the waters into foam as he vainly strove to escape from destruction. They beheld him borne away by the might of his furious enemy; and they heard his last

roar above the noise of the whirlpool as he was sucked down into the never-satisfied abyss, and disappeared from their eyes, to be torn into fragments. Such is the fate of everything that seeks the depths of the Moskoestrom.

A NORWEGIAN LANDSCAPE.

In the northern parts of the province of Drontheim human habitations are but thinly scattered; and here none may be met with for many dreary miles. The brown bear fearlessly leaves the shelter of the woods, and leads her frolicsome cubs across the solitude of the plain; whilst the bold and arrogant capercailzie crows his mating greeting to his mates, and proclaims his proud defiance to the feathered world, unwatched by any eyes save those of the sly and laughing fox.

Now however, upon this solitary plain was nothing to be seen but glittering snow. The forest which borders it, and which extends over hundreds of miles, closely shrouds its savage and fearful denizens; whilst the stately elk alone looks out from the dark foliage, and leisurely walks forth upon the plain; stopping from time to time to scrape the snow with his narrow hoof from a patch of moss that yields him his scanty meal. Familiar with regions still colder and even more inhospitable, he wanders carelessly on his way, apparently contented and happy with his cheerless lot. And now he has again entered the forest, leaving the heavy solitude unbroken.

How often would we rather see, and know, and feel the worse than only fear it? Danger the most imminent is only more appalling from being unseen. What terrors lurk in that dark forest, from which the traveller cannot guard himself! they are everywhere about and round him. He feels their presence, though he may behold nothing save the dark trunks of countless myriads of pine trees, more gloomy from their superincumbent loads of snow. The Norwegian peasants believe that the forest is peopled with malignant spirits; and though the traveller rejects their creed, his heart acknowledges, despite his reason, that the impenetrable depths around him may possibly conceal eyes that watch his every footstep. Reader! I have passed alone and on foot, through this dreary forest and have learned perhaps, some of its secrets—unless you, too, have done so, scoff not at the mysterious awe which weighs upon the heart during days of lonely travel.

Mardi; and a Voyage Thither. By HERMAN MELVILLE, Author of "Typee," &c. In 3 vols. London: Bentley.

It was a question in the literary world whether "Typee" and "Omoo" were facts or fictions. Resemblances to both were traced in them. The writer was evidently familiar with the localities he was describing, but it was also manifest that many, if not most, of the scenes which he had painted so vividly were drawn from his own feeble imagination. Nevertheless, they deceived the reading public, who accepted these two volumes as veritable narratives of adventures personally encountered among the islands of the Pacific. Brilliant pictures they were, which made many a reader fall in love with the natives and long pass a life of peace and plenty with them in the paradise by which they are surrounded. But it is ascertained now that all this was nothing but a beautiful dream; that the author was writing a romance, and not a true tale of travel, and that an Eden upon earth yet remains to be discovered.

The success that attended the previous endeavours to mystify the public probably incited to this new attempt. But we fear that it will not prove so profitable an one, because it has lost the charm of mystery. The author has himself broken the spell. There can be no question that *Mardi* is a romance; it does not even wear the aspect of truth. We cannot, as we did with *Omoo*, take it up and read it, half believing, half doubting, with the pleasure of wondering whether it be true or not.

We open it, knowing it to be a fiction, and although the author has not lost a jot of his skill in sketching, although his fancy is equally fertile, his imagination equally glowing, his pictorial power equally brilliant, we do not feel the same attraction as before; the book is laid down with less regret, and resumed less eagerly; it is, in fact, subject to the objection which we preferred in our last against all novels of the class that attempts the mingling of the functions of fictionist and tourist.

But *Mardi* is not purely a romance. It is an extraordinary mixture of all kinds of composition, and of the strangest variety of themes. There are philosophical discourse, political disquisition, the essay, scientific and humorous, touches of poetry, and episodical adventure, with descriptions of countries and people, strung together by the slight thread of a story which is not very intelligible. But, as it will not be read for the tale, but for the interspersed passages of great beauty and interest, we need not say more about that. Its other merits are sufficient to introduce it to a wide popularity, although, perhaps, not to such general favour as was enjoyed by its predecessors. It will better please the refined and thoughtful reader, but it will prove less interesting to the mere seeker after amusement. Much will be learned from it by those who look to be instructed by what they read, for a lesson and a moral are conveyed in every incident. Beyond question, it is a production of extraordinary talent. Some passages will exhibit its manner and its merits.

Very graphic is this sketch of

A SAIL ON THE PACIFIC.

Though America be discovered, the Cathays of the deep are unknown. And whose crosses the Pacific might have read lessons to Buffon. The sea-serpent is not a fable; and in the sea, that snake is but a garden-worm. There are more wonders than the wonders rejected, and more sights unrevealed than you or I ever dreamt of. But look! fathoms down in the sea; wherever saw you a phantom like that? An enormous crescent with antlers like a reindeer, and a delta of mouths. Slowly it sinks, and is seen no more, Doctor Faust saw the devil; but you have seen the 'Devil Fish.' Look again! Here comes another. Jarl calls it a Bone Shark. Full as large as a whale, it is spotted like a leopard; and tusk-like teeth overlap its jaws like those of the walrus. To seamen, nothing strikes more terror than the near vicinity of a creature like this. Great ships steer out of its path. And well they may; since the good craft Essex, and others, have been sunk by sea-monsters, as the alligator thrusts his horny snout through a Caribbean canoe. For the sharks, we saw them, not by units, not by tens, nor by hundreds, but by thousands and by myriads. Trust me, there are more sharks in the sea than mortals on land. To begin. There is the ordinary Brown Shark, or sea-attorney, so called by sailors; a grasping rapacious varlet, that in spite of the hard knocks received from it, often snapped viciously at our steering oar. At times, these gentry swim in herds; especially about the remains of a slaughtered whale. They are the vultures of the deep. Then we often encountered the dandy Blue Shark, a long, taper, and mighty genteel looking fellow, with a slender waist, like a Bond-street beau, and the whitest tiers of teeth imaginable. This dainty spark invariably lounged by with a careless, fin and an indolent tail. But he looked infernally heartless. How his cold-blooded, gentlemanly air contrasted with the rude, savage swagger of the Tiger Shark; a round, portly gourmand; with distended mouth and collapsed conscience, swimming about seeking whom he might devour. These gluttons are the scavengers of navies, following ships in the South Seas, picking up odds and ends of garbage, and sometimes a tit-bit, a stray sailor. No wonder, then, that sailors denounce them. In substance, Jarl once assured me, that under any temporary misfortune, it was one of his sweetest consolations to remember that in his day he had murdered, not killed,

shoals of Tiger Sharks. For several days our Chamois was followed by two of these aforesaid Tiger Sharks. A brace of confidential inseparables, jogging along in our wake, side by side, like a couple of highwaymen, biding their time till you come to the cross-roads. But giving it up at last, for a bootless errand, they dropped farther and farther astern, until completely out of sight, much to the Skyeman's chagrin, who long stood in the stern, lance poised for a dart. But of all sharks save me from the ghastly White Shark. For though we should hate naught, yet some dislikes are spontaneous; and disliking is not hating. And never yet could I bring myself to be loving or even sociable with a White Shark. He is not the sort of creature to enlist young affections. This ghost of a fish is not often encountered, and shows plainer by night than by day. Timon-like, he always swims by himself; gliding along just under the surface, revealing a long vague shape, of a milky hue; with glimpses now and then of his bottomless white pit of teeth. No need of a dentist hath he. Seen at night, stealing along like a spirit in the water, with horrific serenity of aspect, the White Shark sent many a thrill to us twain in the Chamois. By day, and in the profoundest calms, oft were we startled by the ponderous sigh of the grampus, as lazily rising to the surface, he fetched a long breath after napping below. And time and again we watched the darting albacore, the fish with the chain-plate armour and golden scales; the Nimrod of the seas, to whom so many flying fish fall a prey. Flying from their pursuers, many of them flew into our boat, but invariably they died from the shock. No nursing could restore them. One of their wings I removed, spreading it out to dry under a weight. In two days' time the thin membrane, all over tracings like those of a leaf, was transparent as glass, and tinted with brilliant hues, like those of a changing silk. Almost every day, we spied Black Fish; coal-black and glossy. They seemed to swim by revolving round and round in the water like a wheel; their dorsal fins every now and then shooting into view like spokes. Of a somewhat similar species, but smaller and clipper-built about the nose, were the Algerines; so called, probably, from their corsair propensities; waylaying peaceful fish on the high seas, and plundering them of body and soul at a gulp.

Of the philosophy introduced here is a specimen:

TRIAL BY JURY.

"Your prayer?" said Media.

It was a petition, that thereafter all differences between man and man in Odo, together with all alleged offences against the state, might be tried by twelve good men and true. These twelve to be unobnoxious to the party or parties concerned; their peers; and previously unbiased touching the matter at issue. Furthermore, that unanimity in these twelve should be indispensable to a verdict; and no dinner be vouchsafed till unanimity came.

Loud and long laughed King Media in scorn.

"This be your judge," he cried, swaying his sceptre. "What! are twelve wise men more wise than one? or will twelve fools, put together, make one sage? Are twelve honest men more honest than one? or twelve knaves less knavish than one? And if, of twelve men, three be fools, and three wise, three knaves, and three upright, how obtain real unanimity from such?

"But if twelve judges be better than one, then are twelve hundred better than twelve. But take the whole populace for a judge, and you will long wait for a unanimous verdict.

"If upon a thing dubious, there be little unanimity in the conflicting opinions of one man's mind, how expect it in the uproar of twelve puzzled brains? though much unanimity be found in twelve hungry stomachs.

"Judges unobnoxious to the accused! Apply it to a criminal case. Ha! ha! if peradventure a Cadi be rejected, because he had seen the accused commit the crime for which he is arraigned. Then, his mind would be biased; no impartiality from him! Or your testy accused might object to another, because of his tomahawk nose, or a cruel squint of the eye.

"Of all follies the most foolish! Know ye from me, that true peers render not true verdicts. Jironimo was a rebel. Had I tried him by his peers, I had tried him by rebels; and the rebel had rebelled to some purpose.

"Away! As unerring justice dwells in a unity, and as one judge will at last judge the world beyond all appeal; so—though often here below justice be hard to attain—does man come nearest the mark, when he imitates that model divine. Hence, one judge is better than twelve.

"And, as Justice, in ideal, is ever painted high lifted above the crowd; so, from the exaltation of his rank, an honest king is the best of those unical judges, which individually are better than twelve. And therefore am I, King Media, the best judge in this land."

There is an uncommon power in this description of

THE SAILORLESS SHIP.

After a long and anxious reconnoitre, we came still nearer, using our oars, but very reluctantly on Jarl's part; who, while rowing, kept his eyes over his shoulder, as if about to beach the little Chamois on the back of a whale as of yore. Indeed, he seemed full as impatient to quit the vicinity of the vessel, as before he had been anxiously courting it. Now, as the silent brigantine again swung round her broadside, I hailed her loudly. No return. Again. But all was silent. With a few vigorous strokes we closed with her, giving yet another unanswered hail; when laying the Chamois right along side, I clutched at the main-chains. Instantly we felt her dragging us along. Securing our craft by its painter, I sprang over the rail, followed by Jarl, who had snatched his harpoon, his favourite arms. Long used with that weapon to overcome the monsters of the deep, he doubted not it would prove equally serviceable in any other encounter. The deck was a complete litter. Tossed about were pearl oyster shells, husks of coco-nuts, empty casks, and cases. The deserted tiller was lashed; which accounted for the vessel's yawning. But we could not conceive how, going large before the wind, the craft could, for any considerable time, at least, have guided herself without the help of a hand. Still, the breeze was light and steady. Now, seeing the helm thus lashed I could not but distrust the silence that prevailed. It conjured up the idea of miscreants concealed below, and meditating treachery; unscrupulous mutineers—Lascars, or Manilla-men; who having murdered the Europeans of the crew, might not be willing to let strangers depart unmolested. Or yet worse, the entire ship's company might have been swept away by a fever, its infection still lurking in the poisoned hull. And though the first conceit, as the last, was a mere surmise, it was nevertheless deemed prudent to secure the hatches, which, for the present, we accordingly barred down with the oars of our boat. This done, we went about the deck in search of water. And finding some in a clumsy cask, drank long and freely, and to our thirsty souls' content. The wind now freshening, and the rent sails like to blow from the yards, we brought the brigantine to the wind, and brailed up the canvass. This left us at liberty to examine the craft, though, unfortunately, the night was growing hazy. All this while our boat was still towing alongside; and I was about to drop it astern, when Jarl, ever cautious, declared it safer where it was; since, if there were people on board, they would most likely be down in the cabin, from the dead lights of which, mischief might be done to the Chamois. It was then, that my comrade observed, that the brigantine had no boats, a circumstance most unusual in any sort of a vessel at sea. But marking this I was exceedingly gratified. It seemed to indicate, as I had opined, that from some cause or other, she must have been abandoned of her crew. And in a good measure this dispelled my fears of foul play, and the apprehension of contagion. Encouraged by these reflections, I now resolved to descend and explore the cabin, though sorely against Jarl's counsel. To be sure, as he earnestly said, this step might have been deferred till daylight; but it seemed too wearisome to wait. So bethinking me of our tinder-box and candles, I sent him into the boat for them. Presently, two candles were lit; one of which the Skyeman tied up and down the barbed end of his harpoon; so that, upon going below, the keen steel might not be far off, should the light be blown out by a dastard.

Unfastening the cabin scuttle, we stepped downward into the smallest and murkiest den in the world. The altar-like transom, surmounted by the closed dead-lights in the stern, together with the dim little sky-light over-head, and the sombre aspect of everthing around,

gave the place the air of some subterranean oratory, say a prayer-room of Peter the Hermit. But coils of rigging, bolts of canvass, articles of clothing, and disorderly heaps of rubbish, harmonized not with this impression. Two doors, one on each side, led into wee little state-rooms, the berths of which also were littered. Among other things was a large box, sheathed with iron and stoutly clamped, containing a keg partly filled with powder, the half of an old cutlass, a pouch of bullets, and a case for a sextant—a brass plate on the lid, with the maker's name, London. The broken blade of the cutlass was very rusty and stained, and the iron hilt bent in. It looked so tragical that I thrust it out of my sight. Removing a small trap-door, opening into the space beneath, called the "run," we lighted upon sundry cutlasses and muskets, lying together at sixes and sevens, as if pitched down in a hurry. Casting round a hasty glance, and satisfying ourselves that through the bulkhead of the cabin there was no passage to the forward part of the hold, we caught up the muskets and cutlasses, the powder-keg and the pouch of bullets, and bundling them on deck, prepared to visit the other end of the vessel. Previous to so doing, however, I loaded a musket and belted a cutlass to my side. But my Viking preferred his harpoon. In the fore-castle reigned similar confusion. But there was a snug little lair, cleared away in one corner, and furnished with a grass mat and bolster, like those used among the Islanders of these seas. This little lair looked to us as if some leopard had crouched there. And as it turned out, we were not far from right. Forming one side of this retreat was a sailor's chest, stoutly secured by a lock, and monstrously heavy withal. Regardless of Jarl's entreaties, I managed to burst the lid; thereby revealing a motley assemblage of millinery, and outlandish knick-knacks of all sorts; together with sundry rude calico contrivances, which though of unaccountable cut, nevertheless possessed a certain petticoatish air, and latitude of skirt, betokening them the habiliments of some feminine creature, most probably of the human species. In this strong box, also, was a canvass bag, jingling with rusty old bell buttons, gangrened copper bolts, and sheathing nails; damp greenish Carolus dollars (true coin all), besides divers iron screws, and battered chisels, and belaying-pins. Sounded on the chest lid, the dollars rang clear as convent bells. These were put aside by Jarl; the sight of substantial dollars doing away, for the nonce, with his superstitious misgivings. . . . Groping again into the chest, we brought to light a queer little hair trunk, very bald and rickety. At every corner was a mighty clamp, the weight of which had no doubt debilitated the box. It was jealously secured with a padlock, almost as big as itself; so that it was almost a question, which was meant to be security to the other. Prying at it hard, we at length effected an entrance; but saw no golden moidores, no ruddy doubloons; nothing under heaven but three pewter mugs, such as are used in a ship's cabin, several brass screws and brass plates, which must have belonged to a quadrant; together with a famous lot of glass beads and brass rings; while, pasted on the inside of the cover, was a little coloured print, representing the harlots, the shameless hussies, having a fine time with the Prodigal Son. It should have been mentioned ere now, that while we were busy in the fore-castle we were several times startled by strange sounds aloft. And just after, crashing into the little hair trunk, down came a great top-block, right through the scuttle, narrowly missing my Viking's crown; a much stronger article, by the way, than your goldsmiths' turn-out in these days.

In the various islands he visits the author typifies and satirizes men, manners, and institutions at home, somewhat after the plan of *Gulliver's Travels*, to which, indeed, *Mardi* bears a resemblance.

Sir Elidoe; an Old Breton Legend. From the German of the Baron DE LA MOTTE FOUCHE. London: Mozley. 1849.

This is, we believe, the first presentation of FOUCHE's romance of *Sir Elidoe*, in an English dress to the English reader. And yet it is one of the best of his numerous productions, full of noble sentiments, fraught with useful moral, and like them all, "flowery and elabor-

simple in plot, tone, and language, yet marvellously suggestive, and thoroughly subservient to some one religious idea, which stands as key-note to the whole."

Another of its merits consists in its careful adherence to historical accuracy, not chronological, but scenic; that is to say, the authority avails himself of the novelist's privilege to dislocate the actual order of events, where it helps his plot, but the *mise en scene* is always perfect; there is no anachronism of detail; his personages talk and act as the personages of the period treated of might be supposed to do, and not like people of our century transferred backward to a past age, the *ideas* modern, but the language and dress antique.

This translation is skilfully executed, with an avoidance of that stiffness which too often attends the attempt to render thoughts conceived in one language into the expressions of another, which has no words precisely analogous. It is more especially difficult to translate German into flowing and graceful English, from the privilege of coining words so unmercifully exercised by our neighbours and so peremptorily denied to ourselves. But of this volume we may remark that it reads less like translation than any we have perused for a long time. We can, with great confidence, commend it to the attention of our subscribers.

Previsions of Lady Evelyn; from "The Triumphs of Time." By the Author of "Emilia Wyndham." London: Simms and McIntrye.

THE judicious selection of novels for admission into the *Parlour Library* which has distinguished it from the beginning, still continues to preserve for it the large popularity which it has acquired. The latest volume is now before us, and it contains one of the most interesting of Mrs. MARSH's fictions, and one which, like all that she writes, is wholesome as interesting. The only regret we feel when we take up this delightful collection of novels is that volume is not published every week instead of once a month only.

POETRY.

Revelations of Life, and other Poems. By JOHN EDMUND READE. London: Parker. 1849.

MR. READE is one of the numerous class of versemongers who have entirely mistaken their vocation in thinking they can write poetry. In the mere mechanism of the language and metre, his compositions are not much to be complained of, but they are totally devoid of even the faintest ray of inspiration, and in the descriptive scenes are singularly wanting the power to convey to the reader a distinct idea of the thing described—a fault which is greatly owing to the inaptitude of the author's similes. Not only, however, are Mr. READE's poems wanting in originality of ideas in general, but many of them are palpable imitations. The first and longest poem in the book has evidently, in matter and style, been suggested by WORDSWORTH's *Excursion*, while single passages remind us, now of one, now of another poet—not by their spirit or genius, but by their subject words: by words, we do not mean diction. Take, for instance, this invocation:

O everlasting Light! while I addressed
Another, thou didst mingle with my prayer:
Ethereal stream! in rolling the broad day,
River-like, while I spoke. Ingerate essence!
First, holiest, purest; oh, how vain are words
To unfold thee, Thou, in whom as God absorbed,
All thought is lost; fount, on I call thee, life
Of Godhead, vibrating upon the air.
Pervading Spirit! filling earth and heaven,
And emanating through infinity:
All space, all worlds, all time, exist in thee,
And death the shadow of thy presence is:
The harmonies of motion and repose.
Fountain of Joy! that overflows thine urn,
Wakening to motive being life that else
Were chaos; or create or uncreate,
Save by thy presence. Thou dost robe the Earth
With hues as with a vesture, covering her
Upheaving through starreal; her rising breath
Embodyed is by thee in cloudy shapes.

And so on for nearly another page. All the meaning that is to be found in the above is evidently gathered from MILTON's celebrated Invocation to Light, at the beginning of the third book of *Paradise Lost*. As the passage is doubtless familiar to our readers, it is quite unnecessary for us to point out in detail the imitations, or to dwell upon the enormous difference between the copy and the original.

The next extract recalled to our recollection the commencement of a poem of CAMPBELL'S—*The Last Man*, which in our juvenile days had a great fascination for us. If we remember rightly, it began,

I saw a vision in my sleep,
Which gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time.—&c.

MR. READE's imitation, or at least what we conceive to be such, is the commencement of a poem, entitled—*A Vision of the Ancient Kings*:

The vision came upon my sleep,
From the phantom-land of Dreams:
And with its prophetic gleams,
Song was sent me mild and deep,
To tell all I did behold.

We could multiply instances, but we will not longer trespass on the reader's patience.

We see that Mr. READE is the author of several poetical works, as well as a book of travels, which has reached a second edition. We are, we confess, surprised at the success these circumstances seem to announce, as, from the specimen of his authorship, now on our desk, we should, for his poetry at least, have augured anything but an encouraging reception.

It is only fair to state, however, that if Mr. READE's views are neither very original, nor very lucidly expressed, they are by no means foolish, and display much good feeling.

He may have the heart of a poet; but he has not the mind;—and, we repeat, has mistaken his vocation.

Moscha Lamberti; or, a Deed Done has an End. A Romance. By MARY ELIZABETH SMITH. London: A. Hall and Co. 1849.

THIS is one of the perplexing poems which continually cross the critic's path, and of which he is at a loss how to speak: there is nothing to command applause, nothing to reprove. The writer is skilful in the mechanism of poetry; her rhymes are unexceptionable, her metre is perfect; she has a ready command of words; the phrasology of poetry is thoroughly familiar to her; and yet there is wanting the *spirit* of poetry. *Moscha Lamberti* is a tale told in graceful verse, but it is not properly a poem, as we understand poetry. There are no novel thoughts; there is not an *original* idea, that is to say, one which is not to be found in some other writer, nor even old ideas recomposed in new forms.

Now merely to put into verse a narrative which may be better related in plain prose, always appears to us to be a waste of ingenuity and labour: yet it is of such that nine-tenths of the volumes of poetry sent for review are found to consist. It is our endeavour to discover in them some passages which we might present to our readers as containing something new in sentiment or description, and which may be worth remembering, but rarely can we discover any, and in such case we prefer to make no extract rather than occupy our space with rhymes and common-places fitted only for an album or the Poet's Corner of a country newspaper. Kindness to the writer also prescribes the same course.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The First Book of Geography. By HUGO REED. London: Grant and Griffiths.

THERE are but two ways of teaching children Geography, by maps and by descriptions. All catechisms and gazetteers are useless. At the utmost they serve only to cram the young mind with a chaos of names which

they repeat, parrot-like; but of the actual places—of the form and inhabitants of the globe, they remain in perfect ignorance. The same fault is apparent in this little book of Mr. Reed. It is nothing more than a gazetteer. It is adapted for youth who have already made considerable progress in the elements of geography, but for beginners, it is altogether unfitted. We cannot understand how it is that those who write books for children continue to forget so entirely the manner in which they found knowledge conveyed most easily to themselves.

RELIGION.

The Closing Scene; or Christianity and Infidelity contrasted in the Last Hours of Remarkable Persons. By the Rev. ERSKINE NEALE, M. A. Second Series. Longmans, 1849.

THE object of this little work can scarcely fail to be interesting. The success of the first series—a second edition having appeared shortly after its publication—constitutes the best critique the public could supply, and the best inducement to a continuation the author could desire. Closing scenes, although no novelties in a planet where they happen by the score every minute, must ever exert a fearful fascination. A dying man is for the time a hero grappling with a mysterious but invincible antagonist. The meanest mortal becomes an object of oppressive interest, when we think of the secret he is about to solve, and of the unmapped region he is about to explore.

Mr. NEALE has enhanced the melancholy attractions of his theme by a series of contrasts; and these have been rendered more effective by prefixing a slight sketch of the life, to his account of the death, of each individual. His characters—we may say—die in pairs. BECKFORD, the "Man of Taste," spending a long life and a princely fortune upon himself, is coupled with CHARLES SIMEON of Cambridge, the "Spiritual Father of many an earnest Pastor,"

With whom pecuniary disinterestedness was the rule of life; who systematically handed over to his curate the entire proceeds of his benefit; who passed by, once and again, the best living which his college had to bestow, and which in turn awaited his acceptance; who might have had lettered ease, and preferred unintermittent labour; who discharged unflinchingly the requirements of a difficult post because he felt that their way blended with them signal usefulness.

ARTHUR THISTLEWOOD, who suffers a traitor's doom, and plunges into the great mystery from the edge of a scaffold, is contrasted with JOHN FOSTER, the essayist, who probes his way silently but safely through the dark passes of death. The fiery MIRABEAU, who perishes in the pride of his popularity, with half of Paris at his doors, is followed by the gentle JANE TAYLOR of Ongar, whose modest career and placid end contrast as strikingly with the flashing life and theatrical exit of the Frenchman, as her simple *Rhymes* do with his feverish *Lettres à Sophie*. Next, we have a brace of Deists who destroy their child and subsequently themselves, under circumstances of peculiar deliberateness; and then some particulars of EDWARD COLSTON, the "Merchant Prince" of Bristol, whose best eulogium was his own reply to a person who urged him to marry—"Every helpless widow is my wife, and her distressed orphans my children." The remaining groups are LAWRENCE, Earl FERREBS, "the man of furious passions and faltering creed," and Mrs. PARTIS of Bath, a lady truly memorable for her munificence; Lord CAMEL-

FORD, the duellist, and Bishop CORRIE; the guileful TALLEYRAND, and the guileless Earl SPENCER. The closing scene of the volume is that of the noble-hearted ELIZABETH FREY.

It would be dangerous, however, to assume—as is too frequently done both by infidel and believers—that the terminal hours of life furnish an infallible test of principles. Strange as it may seem, there is painful evidence that many act their way into eternity: they "dramatize their deaths," as TALLEYRAND said of MIRABEAU. The Count, in fact, died in state; he talked on politics like an oracle, his ear was filled with the mournful hum of the idolizing multitudes that thronged the street below, and when the sound of distant cannon pealed into his apartment, he exclaimed, "Are these already the Achilles funeral," and expired. The performance of the Prince of Benevento himself was scarcely less striking; he made his exit from the stage of life in the character he had so often played—that of a deceiver, a courtier, and a wit. His conversion was supposed by many to have been a hoax. When visited by the King and Madame ADELAIDE, "This," said the dying man, "is the greatest honour ever conferred upon my house! It crowns the felicity of my life!"

At last, when the Abbé Duponloup related to him these words of the Archbishop of Paris: "For M. de Tallyrand I would give my life," he replied, "He might make a better use of it," and expired.

And who that reads of THISTLEWOOD's *nonchalant* bearing upon the scaffold—of his cool speculation upon the "grand secret"—of his persistent assertion of atheistic principles, and of his determined rejection of all spiritual counsel, will be prepared for the strange disclosure which follows:—

Publicly his demeanor was that of a man who was resolved boldly to meet the fate he had deserved; no expression of hope escaped him, no breathing of repentance, no spark of grace appeared; yet it is a fact, attested by a witness entitled to full belief, that on the night immediately preceding his execution, while he supposed that the person who was appointed to watch him in his cell was asleep, this miserable man was seen by that person repeatedly to fall upon his knees; and was heard repeatedly to call upon Christ his Saviour to have mercy upon him, and to forgive him his sins.

Mr. NEALE's volume is, strictly speaking, a compilation, and cannot therefore claim rank as an original composition. This fact, together with the serious character of the theme, takes it in some measure out of the range of minute criticism. It should be observed, however, that the "closing scenes" are not in all cases pourtrayed with sufficient breadth and prominence to justify the *titular* object of the work. There is little in WILLIAM BECKFORD's death, as detailed, and it is the first in the volume, to entitle him to the melancholy position in which he has been placed. The Caliph's *life* is more instructive than his death, and upon this Mr. NEALE justly comments:

His income for many years was little short of 100,000*l.* per annum.

What hospital did he build? What asylum did he endow? What school did he originate? What sanctuary did he raise for the worship of the Most High? What cloud of heathen error and ignorance did he seek to dissipate? What memorial has he left behind him to cheer and gladden, during life's weary pilgrimage, the aged, the sorrow-stricken, the suffering, the desolate, or bereaved? What charity did he munificently support during life, or place beyond the reach of failure by his testamentary dispositions at death? What widow's grateful tears, or orphan's murmured blessings, will the casual mention of his name arouse?

JOHN HOWARD would have moved a world of misery with the money WILLIAM BECKFORD

spent in building towers, and collecting articles of *virtu*!

Mr. NEALE has, however, arranged his materials in such a way as to render the volume highly popular, and—we would therefore hope—highly useful. It is one to which we can give the heartiest commendation.

A Selection from his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury's Practical Expositions of the Gospels, of those parts more particularly which refer to the Faith and Practice of a Christian. By the Rev. George Wilkinson, B. D., Rector of Whicham. London: C. Cox, 1849.

THIS acceptable volume had its origin thus. The Editor had been accustomed in his family devotions to read portions of the Expository Lectures of the Archbishop. They were found to be so effective and attractive that he was induced to ask of his Grace permission to publish the extracts in a collected form for the use of others who might not have the taste to discover the most practically useful portions of an extensive work, or the ability to purchase the whole of it. The consent of the Archbishop was readily given, and in the little book before us, is contained some of the most admirable writing to be found in the whole range even of our rich religious literature. It should be used in every household.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Adams's Pocket Guide to the Environs of London. By J. E. BLANCHARD. London: Adams.

A USEFUL stranger's handbook to the neighbourhoods of the metropolis, which are worth visiting, within a circle of thirty miles. It is nicely written, and embellished with numerous engravings.

The Report of the Commission on the Laws of Marriage, relative to a Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister: examined in a letter to Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart., M.P. By A. J. BERESFORD HOPE, M.P. Second Edition. Ridgway. 1849.

WHOLLY incomprehensible to us is the bigotry that arrays itself in active opposition to the proposal for giving a legal sanction to a connexion which has already the sanction of society, against which reason cannot advance a single argument, which has its foundation in the holiest sentiments of humanity, which has not been attended with a single practical evil, or even inconvenience; which is approved by three-fourths of the clergy of all denominations, and to which the promptings must be strong indeed when we find that even in spite of the penalties which a wicked law opposes to it, some thousands of persons in all ranks of life, from the peer to the peasant, and of all creeds, are found to have formed the forbidden union.

We had supposed Mr. HOPE to be a sensible man; the perusal of this pamphlet destroys that favourable impression. It shows him to be narrow-minded, by which epithet we mean incapable of looking beyond a certain circumscribed circle of ideas—the notions of a clique, or a sect, and who would hedge in all mankind by his own boundaries. Mr. HOPE contends that it is the business of the opponents of the law to make out a case against it. Not so with a modern *restrictive* law, as this is. Upon the face of it, a law which prohibits the *natural* right of a man to marry whom he pleases, is a law interfering with individual liberty, or matter which concerns himself alone, and therefore the *onus* of proof of the necessity of such a law for the advantage of society is thrown upon its supporters. *Prima facie* it is a bad law, for it trespasses beyond the province of law, whose business it is only to interfere with men's actions, so far as to prevent them from doing an injury to others—in fact to secure liberty of thought and action to all, by prohibiting each one from doing anything that interferes with the liberty of the rest. All laws that attempt more than this, are *despotic*, and the presumption against them is so strong, that it is for those who would maintain them to establish the necessity for their existence. So it is with the law in question. It violates the primary purposes of all law, which is to prevent persons from doing anything that may be

injurious to others. Plainly, the prohibited marriage is only injurious, if at all, to the parties, and *society* in no way suffers from it, or, at least, it is for its supporters to establish the fact that an injury *does* result from it to society at large. This they have, so far, entirely failed to do, and they rest their case upon a mere irrational prejudice which cannot bear the test of argument; and of which, therefore, a man occupying the place of Mr. HOPE, ought to be heartily ashamed.

ART.

The Inundation. By C. F. KIORBOE. Engraved by T. W. DAVEY. Ackermann and Co.

THIS drawing is full of truth and beauty, and strongly reminds us of LANDSEER, whose accurate pencilings from nature have made him the worthy leader of a popular school. The language of the scene before us is more truthful and expressive than words can render it. An inundation has surprised a Newfoundland dog and her pups in their kennel. They are represented, some as having reached the roof of their frail box, and others as trying in vain to battle with the flood, and to escape. The parent desirably bewails the fate that seems to await the family. A boat approaches, but it is too distant to inspire confidence, and the agony of the scene is heightened by this forlorn hope. The attitude of the parent dog is graceful and natural, and the whole group is in perfect harmony. Mr. DAVEY's share of the work is well executed—alike a credit to the theme and the artist.

MUSIC.

Beethoven's Celebrated Mass in C. For four Solo Voices and Chorus, with an Accompaniment for the Organ or Piano-forte. Nos. I. and II. D'Almaine and Co.

THIS magnificent work of BEETHOVEN is too well known to need description. The lovers of sacred music will be delighted to learn that it is to be procured beautifully printed, edited with great care, adapted for the use of amateurs, and at a price which brings it within the means of every body.

Remember Me. Ballad composed by G. J. O. ALLMAN. The latest production of this composer's indefatigable pen, still indicating improvement as practice makes him more and more perfect in his art.

MUSICAL CHIT CHAT.

Miss Catherine Hayes, a young Irish lady, who has acquired great reputation as a singer at Vienna, Milan, and all the principal cities in Italy, is announced in the Paris papers, as having arrived there on her way to London. Miss Hayes is engaged at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-garden. She has been detained in Paris for some days, in consequence of a severe cold.—The Royal Academy of Music had its first concert for the season on Saturday week, and was numerously attended. There was not much novelty. Mendelssohn contributed the greater part of the music, and the pupils acquitted themselves satisfactorily, without any striking feature to call for specific remark.—Catalini has been forced to fly from Florence in consequence of the violent revolution, and has arrived at Lyons.—Mlle. Parodi, brought safely from Paris, by Signor Puzzi, is known to be the favored pupil of Pasta, in whose range of parts and style of acting and singing, she may therefore be expected to appear. She is of fine and commanding person.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRAMATIC CHRONICLE.—The American journals report that Mr. MACREADY has a M.S. original play by Sir E. BULWER LYTTON, which he intends to produce in America.—Mrs. BUTLER (*FANNY KEMPLE*) has been giving readings of *Shakspeare* Plays, with great success, at New York and Boston.—In Manchester, Mr. G. H. LEWES has appeared a second time in *Shylock*. According to the provincial criticisms, though Mr.

LEWES had formed a good conception of the character, he was yet deficient in execution and physical power. The management of the theatre has advertised the production of a drama by Mr. LEWES, entitled "The Noble Heart"—with himself in the hero.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Nothing but the memory of JENNY LIND prevented ALBONI from enjoying very much the same popular idolatry which has been lavished upon her. Returning from Paris for a visit of two nights only, preparatory to her engagement for the season, ALBONI has astonished her crowded and enthusiastic audiences, so great and manifest is her improvement since she quitted England at the close of last season. She has put forth powers which she was not known to have possessed, and succeeded in flights of which her warmest admirers had not deemed her capable. The *vacuum* occasioned by the retirement of the Swedish Nightingale, will be not unworthily filled, and the Opera House will lose little of its attractions. A brilliant company greeted her on each performance. *Cenerentola* was the opera chosen, and it was powerfully cast, with strong chorus, and an orchestra that leaves nothing to be desired. The ballet was extremely beautiful, and it seems that Mr. LUMLEY is resolved to maintain his unquestioned supremacy in this attractive entertainment. A brilliant season may be anticipated.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The manner in which *Masaniello* is actually produced even surpasses what rumour had noised abroad of its intended magnificence and perfection. It is probably unrivalled as a spectacle by anything ever before seen on the stage in this country. The costumes, the grouping, the scenery, are extraordinary. But the music is no less attractive: MARIO, as the Neapolitan fisherman, not only sings his part well, but acts it admirably. The choruses are perfect, and the orchestra superb. There is but one fault—it is too long. Although varied with dancing, an opera in five acts, extending its performance to near five hours, becomes tedious. However loth to curtail or force a composition, we think it would be more prudent to clip some of the heavier passages. The Opera itself would gain by it, and many a head-ache would be saved to the audience. The repetition of this grand work will probably be frequent, for it is a *sight* which everybody ought to see—one which will never be forgotten,—a combination of attractions,—music, vocal and instrumental, scenery, costumes, acting, grouping, such as never was witnessed in England, and we may not have its like again for many a year.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mdlle. NAU has appeared here in AUBER's opera of *Sirène*, taking her original character of *Zerlina*. She has certainly improved since her former visit; her style is singularly brilliant, in the best manner of the French school; she seemed to sport with her voice, and her perfect mastery of the difficulties of vocalization was extraordinary. She was enthusiastically applauded, and will certainly produce a run.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—"The Brigand" has been reproduced here, with Mr. WALLACK for the hero, and with undiminished popularity. He has lost none of the skill with which he first succeeded in establishing the fame of this interesting melo-drama, and at its close he was called before the curtain and warmly greeted. It was effectively put upon the stage in its scenery and decorations. It was followed by a new farce, called *The Trumpeter's Wedding*, which gives ample scope for KEELEY's comic humour, and introduces some very pretty music. The plot is thus related by a contemporary: "A cavalier officer ventures into the town he is beleaguered that he may have an interview with his lady. The fear of discovery leads him to disguise himself as a Puritan trumpeter, who is about to be married to his (the Cavalier's) foster sister. The real *Simon Pure* (Mr. KEELEY) arrives in time to have his jealousy roused, and to be taken for the disguised Cavalier. He is persuaded to adopt the mistake, but revenges himself for threatened death by making love to the lady whom the Cavalier has come to see. An amusing *imbroglio* ensues, in which Mr. KEELEY, on whom the weight of the piece falls, has ample scope for his humour, in representing the alternate terror and amazement of the perplexed trumpeter, till all is set right after the most approved fashion." It was completely successful.

FRENCH PLAYS.—*ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.*—Mdlle. CHARTON took her benefit last week, and was welcomed by an audience of unprecedented rank and fashion.

The opera selected for this occasion was AUBER's *Les Diamants de la Couronne*, which was produced for the first time in full score. Our readers will probably remember the curtailed version of it at the Princess's Theatre, where Mad. THILLON delighted the town for almost an entire season in the character of *Catarina*. Mdlle. CHARTON was quite equal to her in spirited acting and brilliancy of singing. The other parts were well filled, and the dresses and decorations beautiful. We trust it will be often repeated, for it ought to be seen by everybody.

THE ADELPHI.—The new drama of *The Hop Pickers* is enjoying the same course of popularity as attended *Green Bushes*, which it promises to rival. Everybody is going to see, and therefore everybody will go, of course. But it is really a very capital drama and admirably acted by WRIGHT, PAUL BEDFORD, and MUNYARD, the latter exhibiting powers which mark him as an actor of extraordinary ability. He is one of the most rising men in his profession.

THE ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—*Masaniello* has been repeated to crowded houses, and great as were its recognized beauties at first, it improves on re-hearing. The gorgeousness of the scenery, and the perfectness of the singers, have made it more a public favourite than even its own excellence could have ensured. On Thursday Her Majesty was present, and to-night (Saturday) the opera will be presented for the last time until June.

PANORAMA OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—Miss LINWOOD's Gallery in Leicester Square, has been opened under the name of "The Grand American Hall," and Mr. J. B. SMITH displays a monster-moving panorama of the Mississippi river. Mr. SMITH is an American artist, and his production is quite in keeping with the characteristics of his father land. The completeness and extent of the work may be inferred by the fact that it covers some four miles of canvass. It offers a two hour's indulgence which has never been equalled in its way. The continuous river and land scenes are very effective, and with the aid of the written description provided by Mr. SMITH, and his still more humorous oral one, give a good idea of the Yankee king of rivers.

CROSBY HALL.—Mr. LOVE's Lenten Entertainments at the Hall have been well attended; Mr. LOVE's extraordinary assumptions of character are diverting in the extreme.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

SONNET :

VOICE — M E M O R Y.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

LOVE enters at our ears sometimes,—and so
It was with me when first thy voice I heard,
Which, like the music of an unseen bird,
Around my senses seem'd a chain to throw
Of deep entrancement—bidding sleep the woe
Of restless pain. Alas, thus I incur'd
More pitiable peril,—to and fro
That yet should toss my mind, as by some word
Of witchcraft beldams rock the reeling bark!—
I saw thee not, but listened; drinking in
Such tones as made a music without song,
Till up I gat, and gazed—and gazing, mark
So sweet a face to that sweet voice belong,
That both by ear and eye Love did my spirit win!

CAROLINE.

BY HARGRAVE JENNINGS.

Urania, with her soft eye upward turned,
Should be the first to see, fair Caroline,
With white wrists sparkling as with stray starbeams,
And whitest robe, as white as the far sail
Seen distant on the wide West Indian blue.
Oh! with that voice persuasive, and the tone
Which sometimes as with honey droppeth, what
Might thou not do for good, or even ill.—
Winning the Dragon, with his gleaming scales,
To circle out, relaxing, his fell gripe
From the crushed figure of some armed Knight,
Still breathing in that stygian embrace.
All works of pity, as all thoughts of love
May well be thine,
Fair Caroline!

THE SMALL FRY OF LITERATURE.

AMONG the pamphlets and small books which have been forwarded for review during the last fortnight, we have, according to our custom, to notice in the summary fashion which befits their size, the following:

A Report of the Enquiry held by the Lord Bishop of Exeter at Devonport, into the Principles of the Sisters of Mercy, gives a full account of the proceedings in that extraordinary affair. Whatever may be the opinion as to the propriety or impropriety of the religious observances of the ladies who so generously established the "Orphan's Home" in that town, we cannot yet understand by what right the press or the public have claimed a censorship over them, or why a party of ladies are not permitted to have any religious tenets they please, without being made responsible for them, either to the Bishop of the Diocese or the Editors of the newspapers. However, those who desire to possess themselves of all the particulars requisite for forming a judgment will find them here.—Mr. RIDGWAY has just published a pamphlet, entitled *The Russians in Moldavia and Wallachia*, which at the present juncture will be read with interest, for it treats temperately enough of the encroachments made and threatened by the Autocrat upon the empire which Russia has long since marked for her own.—Another pamphlet by the same publisher on *Practical Financial Reform*, is evidently the production of some person connected with the government, and having access to official sources of information. Its purpose is to defend the economical reforms that have been introduced by ministers against the criticism, of those who complain that they are not carried far enough. It is written with spirit and ability, is very readable, and, we must admit, seemingly very conclusive. The reductions of this year are, according to this authority, only a beginning. But we want an equalization of taxes, even more than a reduction. The injustice of the present scheme is more grievous than the burden. The inequality of the stamp duties, the iniquity of an income tax, which charges labour at the same rate as real property, are points to which the attention of the financial reformers ought to be given, at least as carefully as to reductions of expenditure.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

BAYSWATER, March 23rd, 1849.

SIR,—Between three and four years ago you wrote strongly against the inconvenient system so much in vogue amongst publishers of not bringing out a work entire, but publishing the several volumes at intervals.

I have reason to believe your remarks did good service, as several works brought out in the above manner have since been completed; I may mention particularly D'Arblay's *Diary*. Mr. G. P. R. James, however, still remains a great defaulter: the concluding portion of his *History of Richard the First* has not yet appeared, although the first two volumes bear date 1841; and, as a purchaser, I think I have a right to say it is now high time we had some assurance, not only that the remainder *will* be published, but that such publication shall take place within a given period.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A READER OF THE CRITIC.

METROPOLITAN SEWAGE MANURE COMPANY.

(From the *Times*.)

THE works of this company at Stanley-bridge, Fulham, are now completed, and are well worth a visit from all who are interested in the progress of agriculture. The company, it will be remembered, was incorporated by act of Parliament, for the purpose of conveying the contents of the London sewers in liquid form into the country, and distributing them over the fields and gardens which surround the metropolis at a trifling cost. The mechanical means by which these objects are effected are very nearly the same as those by which water is carried into all our large cities, reservoirs being formed for the reception of the sewage, an engine being constructed to pump up as much of it as may be required, and pipes being laid down from the works into the districts where this species of manure is likely to be

in demand. The plan has been already tried, it appears, with great success near Glasgow and Manchester, but of course on a small scale compared with the operations contemplated by this company. They have already laid down about nine miles of pipes in the parish of Fulham, and thence they intend extending them without loss of time into the district of Isleworth. The estimates of profit formed by them show that they calculate on supplying sewage to 30,000 acres of land, and that farmers, market-gardeners, and landowners cultivating about 68,000 acres, have by petition to Parliament expressed their interest in the success of the experiment. This reveals the extent of the scheme in which the company have embarked, and its great importance to the interests of agriculture, not only in the neighbourhood of the metropolis and other large towns, but generally throughout the country. Some of the greatest difficulties with which farmers have hitherto had to contend are the scarcity of manure, its inferior quality, and the immense expense incurred in its purchase and transport. The Metropolitan Sewage Manure Company proposes to relieve the cultivators of the soil in the neighbourhood of London from this heavy burden, and if they succeed, they will have conferred an inestimable boon upon the agricultural interest, besides turning to good account the sewage which now contaminates the water of the Thames and poisons the atmosphere around it. As to the value of sewage manure in enriching the soil, and greatly increasing its productive powers, there now remains among the more enlightened class of farmers no possible doubt. Its chemical properties have been analysed, and have been found to comprise in a highly-concentrated form all that is best adapted for making the earth yield her increase. Its application to grass lands and green crops especially has been attended with very surprising results; and from the body of evidence collected on the subject, it is quite clear that if the company are successful in the means for placing it at the disposal of the market-gardeners and farmers around London, they will give an immense impulse to the productiveness of the soil thus manured. The company are now about to commence operations, and we shall watch with interest the result of their first experiments. They will find an immense mass of ignorance and prejudice to contend with among those whose interests they seek to promote, and some time may elapse before the enlightened views which actuate them are duly appreciated, but it is impossible that the existing state of things around London can long continue, or that men will persevere in watering their crops at an expense each time of from 2*l.* to 5*l.* an acre, when the same can be done far more effectually with liquid manure, applied to the land by the hose at a cost of 1*l.* an acre. On Wednesday last some very interesting experiments were made at Stanley-bridge, with several new inventions for the economic and efficient distribution of the sewage on the soil. These experiments were completely successful, and gave great satisfaction to a large and highly respectable company of gentlemen assembled on the occasion. The general result went to show the perfect ease with which the sewage can be taken from the main and applied to the land in any quantity for this purpose. Mr. Coode's patent irrigator, which was one of the implements exhibited, excited much admiration.

NECROLOGY
OF AUTHORS, ARTISTS, AND PHYSICIANS.

MR. ROBERT CADELL.

Mr. Robert Cadell, of Edinburgh, who for the last thirty years held a very prominent situation as bookseller and publisher, but chiefly in connexion with the works of Sir Walter Scott, died on the 20th January, at his seat near Edinburgh. We believe that Mr. Cadell commenced his career in a different profession, but he married the daughter of the late eminent Mr. Constable, and was introduced into partnership with that gentleman on the retirement of Mr. Hunter, shortly after the publication of Sir Walter's first poem, the prodigious success of which created a new era in the bookselling business, and gave to the genius and energy of Sir Walter the stimulus of unprecedented pecuniary remuneration in addition to accumulating literary fame.

Mr. Constable was probably the most sanguine publisher of the age, and he was induced to offer such sums to Sir Walter as in almost all cases bore away the prize from all competitors. Sir Walter, however, paid dearly in the end for the flourish of his first issue; his own estimation of the value of his works was excited by the soaring speculation of his publisher, with whom he became bound up in a variety of transactions which ended in the bankruptcy or failure of all the parties concerned. This took place at the time of the panic in the early part of the year 1826, and it is well known that Sir Walter Scott arranged with his creditors to pay them in full instead of becoming bankrupt—a result to which he had become liable by his partnership with Ballantyne, the printer, but which he was most anxious to avoid.

Sir Walter incurred this great obligation under the idea that his continued industry and powers would enable him to achieve the task by fresh productions, and the *Life of Bouaparte* and *Woodstock*, produced within a short time, afterwards enabled him to pay a handsome instalment. But a scheme of Mr. Cadell's turned the previous productions of Sir Walter's to far better account than the subsequent novels and tales, and, in fact, led to the accomplishment of the undertaking of Sir Walter, for all his creditors—whose claims were about 113,000*l.*—have been paid in full, and the whole domain of Abbotsford is in possession of his descendants.

It has been mentioned above that Mr. Cadell was married to the daughter of Mr. Constable, but that lady died childless long before 1825, and Mr. Cadell afterwards married Miss Mylne, who now survives him. There remained, therefore, no family tie between the two partners: at the time of the bankruptcy it was found that there were enormous stocks of Sir Walter Scott's works on hand, in editions of various shapes and sizes, or in series of works, which were held either by Constable and Co., or by Messrs. Hurst and Robinson, who became bankrupts at the same time; and all these were peremptorily sold off by auction in the course of 1827 and 1828; and it is a fact that this immense stock, which had cost above 40,000*l.* in paper and print sold for not much more than half that sum, and created an impression among the London booksellers that the value of the copyrights had been worked out. Mr. Cadell, however, clung to a very different opinion, and having secured among the members of his own family sufficient pecuniary support to carry out a scheme which he had quietly and privately matured, he first communicated it to Ballantyne, the printer, and finding that he saw it in the same light the two together made a journey to Abbotsford to propound it to Sir Walter Scott.

The public have long since seen the working of this scheme, which consisted of a republication of the whole series of novels in small octavo 5*s.* volumes, neatly got up, with plates and embellished title pages, and so arranged that the novel originally published at a guinea and a half was presented in a convenient form and handsome legible type for 10*s.*, with the additional recommendation of explanatory notes by "the Author of Waverley."

Sir Walter was induced to enter into a fresh partnership with Mr. Cadell for carrying out this scheme on equal terms, Mr. Cadell engaging to supply capital as a set-off to Sir Walter's name, influence, and literary assistance. There were great difficulties in the concentration of the copyrights, but that was at last effected by the ingenious plans of Mr. Cadell and the exertions, friends, and influence of Sir Walter Scott; and there is no doubt that the scheme, which has been extended to the publication of the works in other forms also, has realized, since it began to be carried into effect in the year 1829, not less than a quarter of a million sterling.

JAMES COWLES PRITCHARD, M. D.

Dec. 22. In Woburn-place, Russell-square, aged 63, James Cowles Pritchard, M. D. Licentiate of the College of Physicians, one of Her Majesty's Commissioners in Lunacy, Fellow of the Royal Society, Member of the Royal Irish Academy, Corresponding Member of the National Institute, of the Royal Academy of Medicine, and Statistical Society of France; of the American Philosophical Society, the Academy of Natural

Sciences of Philadelphia, the Oriental Society of America, the Ethnological Society of New York, and Scientific Academy of Sienna; Honorary Fellow of the King's and Queen's College of Physicians of Ireland; of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, and of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh; and at the time of his death, President of the Ethnological Society of London.

Dr. Pritchard was born at Ross, in Herefordshire. He settled as a physician in Bristol in the year 1810, and was a few years afterwards appointed physician to the Clifton Dispensary and St. Peter's Hospital. In addition to his professional avocations, he occupied himself at this period in writing the first edition of his "Researches into the Physical History of Man," which appeared in 1813, and his work upon "Egyptian Mythology."

In 1816 he was elected physician to the Bristol Infirmary, which appointment he filled in conjunction with that of physician to St. Peter's Hospital; and in the year 1822 he published a work on the "Diseases of the Nervous System."

In 1829 he wrote a small octavo work, entitled "An Essay on the Vital Principle," dedicated to the Patrons of the Bristol Philosophical Institution, of which he was one of the founders and where he frequently gave lectures and read papers on various subjects. He also took an active part in founding the British College, and was for many years one of the members of its council. The degree of Doctor of Medicine of the University of Oxford was conferred upon him, by *diploma*, upon the occasion of the installation of the Duke of Wellington as Chancellor of that University. He was one of the Visiting Physicians of the Gloucestershire Lunatic Asylum, and a Metropolitan Commissioner in Lunacy before his appointment under the recent act.

In the year 1845, he was appointed one of her Majesty's Commissioners in Lunacy, and removed to London, where, besides the active duties of the Commission, he completed the third edition of his "Physical History of Man," in five volumes, as well as his popular work on the "Natural History of Man."

Dr. Pritchard was seized with a severe feverish attack while visiting the lunatic asylums in the neighbourhood of Salisbury, on Monday, the 4th December, and was confined in that city until the 17th, when he was conveyed to his own house in London. The fever proved to be of a rheumatic and gouty character, baffling all the efforts of medical skill, and terminating his life on the 22nd December after much suffering by *pericarditis* (inflammation of the membrane containing the heart,) and extensive suppuration of the knee-joint.

In his intercourse with his professional brethren and colleagues, Dr. Pritchard's conduct was straightforward, honourable, and generous. To his patients he was gentle, attentive, and kind. High moral and religious principle, an affectionate disposition, an instinctive sentiment of delicacy, propriety, and consideration for the feelings of others, and a retiring modesty and simplicity of deportment, as much distinguished and endeared him in the domestic and social relations of life, as his literary and scientific attainments have elevated him to the eminence he held in public estimation. He furnished, indeed, a bright example of the scholar, the gentleman, and the Christian.

The following is a catalogue of his works:—

Researches into the Physical History of Mankind. 1813. 8vo. 2nd edition, 1826, in two volumes. 3rd edition, 1841, in five volumes.

An Analysis of the Egyptian Mythology, to which is subjoined a critical examination of the remains of Egyptian Chronology. 1819. 8vo. This was translated into German by A. W. von Schlegel, and printed at Bonn in 1837. 8vo.

A History of the Epidemic Fever which prevailed in Bristol during the years 1817, 18, and 19. 8vo. 1820.

A Treatise on the Diseases of the Nervous System. Part I., comprising Convulsion and Maniacal Affections. 1822. 8vo.

A Review of the Doctrine of a Vital Principle, as maintained by some writers of Physiology: with observations on the causes of Physical and Animal Life. 1829. 8vo.

The Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations, proved by a comparison of their Dialects with the Sanscrit, Greek, Latin, and Teutonic languages, forming a Supplement

to Researches into the Physical History of Mankind. 1831. 8vo.

A Treatise on Insanity, and other Disorders affecting the Mind. 1835. 8vo.

On the different forms of Insanity, in relation to Jurisprudence. 1842. 12mo.

The Natural History of Man, comprising inquiries into the modifying influence of physical and moral agencies of the different tribes of the Human Family. 1843. 8vo.

Dr. Pritchard also contributed various articles to the "Cyclopedia of Practical Medicine," and "The Library of Medicine."

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

DEATHS.

MORIER.—On the 19th instant, at Brighton, aged 66, James Morier, Esq. His Hajji Baba and other works illustrative of the East, have justly been esteemed among the most descriptive, intelligent, and foremost of their kind. In our diplomatic intercourse with Persia and other Asiatic powers, he was also eminent for the services he rendered his country.

POYNDER.—Lately, Mr. Poynder, whose name has been long familiar to the public for the exertions made by him in the Court of the India House and elsewhere, to procure the abolition of human sacrifices and of the other cruelties attending the worship of Juggernaut in our Indian Empire.

WHITE.—On the 19th instant, Mr. Anthony White, the late eminent surgeon. His professional abilities earned him, on several occasions, the Presidentship of the College of Surgeons. His active benevolence led him at all times to place his skill at the service of men busied in the pursuit of science, literature, and the arts. "To them," to use the words of a contemporary, "not unfrequently his purse was as open as his hand in the hour of their distress."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

THE appointment, by Government, of Mr. Froude, whose book has attained such an unenviable notoriety, to the headship of a college in Hobart Town, is said to have been cancelled. The preliminary proceedings said to have been taken to deprive him of his fellowship in Exeter College have been anticipated by his resignation, thus becoming a "fugitive from discipline."—The Rev. C. Hardwick (at the last meeting of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society) stated, respecting a paper he is preparing on the history of St. Catherine, that it would "contain a very valuable semi-Saxon legend, which exhibits a form of our language in its progress from Anglo-Saxon to English, different, it is believed, from any that has previously been presented to scholars."

The Highland capital appears to be in an unusually thriving condition. The *Inverness Journal* is about to take the field again, and the prospectus of a new paper to be called the *Inverness Express*, is issued, which professes decidedly liberal principles.—Government consented on Thursday week to the appointment of a select committee of inquiry into the best means of extending the establishment of libraries freely open to the public. This is an important commission. The British Museum Library contains 52,000 duplicates.

—*La Presse* contains mention of a calculating machine, invented by MM. Maurel and Jayet, for whom it appears a subscription is raising in Paris, to enable them to prosecute their invention.—The subterranean map of Paris, commenced in 1844, is, it is said, nearly completed. It will form an atlas of forty-five sheets—corresponding to a superficies of five hundred by three hundred mètres. It will exhibit quarter by quarter all the labyrinthine sinuosities of the ancient quarries and catacombs over which Paris is built, with the corresponding edifices, squares, and streets above ground.—

Germany, says the *Nautical Magazine*, is occupied just now with a gigantic project—the junction of the Baltic with the North Sea. The central power sent Captain Moring to survey the ground; and he recommends that the line of communication be from the Port of Kiel to Brunsbuttel and Cuxhaven, at the northern and

southern mouths of the Nile. The medium proposed is a canal without locks—the ground being flat and little raised above the level of the sea.—It is mentioned in *La Liberte*, of Lille, that the Abbé Delval, a parish priest, has patented a printing machine, the working of which is likely to gain him the legacy of the American printer, Moreton, viz., 40,000*l* for striking off 10,000 copies of a newspaper within an hour.

—The correspondent of a country journal, states that "it is proposed to erect, by subscription, a monument, with bas-relief and bust, in Westminster Abbey, to the memory of the poet Cowper. That this monument may be raised on the broad basis of his literary as well as his Christian good report, all are invited to subscribe, the highest contribution being restricted to five shillings. It is extremely gratifying to learn that Wordsworth has warmly patronised this scheme, and written some noble letters on the subject; but it is not a little surprising to find that Dickens, when applied to for his support, objected for two reasons; first, because poets superior to Cowper were excluded from the Abbey, and secondly, because the Abbey was not free to the public. The latter objection is of no weight, because the Poet's Corner (where, of course, the monument would be erected) is open to the public.—[By the former objection, the writer understands Mr. Dickens to insinuate that Byron, who alone of the excluded poets could be looked upon as Cowper's peer, was a superior poet to Cowper, and therefore a monument ought to be erected to him first. To this it may be answered, that Cowper is justly entitled to the preference for more than one reason. First, because he was an earlier poet than Byron, and died five years before the "Hours of Idleness" appeared, and ten or fifteen before its author achieved anything like celebrity. Second, because the works of Cowper are of a moral and religious character, and have a purifying and elevating tendency, while those of Byron are (with some honourable exceptions) misanthropic, demoralizing, and licentious.]—I may just state, for the information of parties interested in the movement, that the sum of 30*l*. has already been raised.

WIT AND WISDOM.

AN INGENIOUS ARAB.—Mr. J. R. Gliddon relates, in his lectures on Egyptian Archaeology, reported in the *Archaeological Journal* of the past and present month, that "an Arab discovered the northern air-channel of the Great Pyramid to be open from top to bottom, by placing a cat at the outer orifice, and her kittens at the other, shutting them in with stones. The mother soon found her way down, through the pyramid, to her little family; thus proving that this hitherto mysterious passage communicated with the outside. Previous to the clearing of these passages the air in the pyramid was quite suffocating."

SEVERE CENSURE ON AN ACTOR.—A Manchester critic complains as follows of a *debutant's* performance of the part of *Shylock*:—"We never felt the blood to curdle or the flesh to creep at the picture of fiendish malignity before us."

AN INDUSTRIOUS EDITOR.—Wright, of the *Chronotype*, in a dissertation on the tariff, thus bears testimony to his love of work in general:—"We are the friend of industry. We work in our way—write editorials—split wood—go to market—tend babies—wash pots, kettles, and clothes—bake apples, meat, bread, and dough-face orators and editors generally."—*American Paper*.

To Correspondents.

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"Since the above date, no trace of damp has shown itself round the walls of the lower story, which are for the most part painted in oil, of a grey stone colour. It is well known that the least moisture produces round spots, darker or lighter, on walls so painted. Yet the pavement of the floor, resting on the soil itself, is only about 2½ inches above the external surface of the soil, and only 194 inches at the utmost, above that of the sheet of water.

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* This method has been adopted at the new Houses of parliament.

HERNIA—The Rev. Dr. DOWDESWELL informs Mr. Coles that, for many years before he called at his establishment, at Charing-cross, he had worn trusses got up, as he supposed, by the best London makers; but he considers it due to Mr. Coles to acknowledge that his Patent Trusses, which he has also worn for many years, are as much superior to those which he had formerly used, as words can possibly describe them.

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48, Upper Grosvenor-street, Grosvenor-square.

May 15, 1848.

The British Museum, Nov. 9, 1848.

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